JOHN BULL.

"FOR GOD, THE SOVEREIGN, AND THE PEOPLE!"

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JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

8th April, 1892.

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EGAN, 4, Savile-place.
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To-day, at 2, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Tree; Ophelia, Mrs. Tree. Messrs. Fernandez, Kemble, Fred Terry, Macklin, Arthur Dacre, George Barrett, and Allan; Miss Ivanova and Miss Rose Leclercq.

This Evening, at 8, PERIL. Mr. Tree, Miss Julia Neilson, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Allan, Miss Claire Ivanova, Miss Lizzie Webster, and Miss Rose Leclercq.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This Evening at 8, THE WHITE ROSE. Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Charles Cartwright, Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, Lionel Rignold, Charles Dalton, Charles Collette, Fuller Mellish, Matthew Brodie, George Cockburn, Howard Russell, A. Leigh, W. Northcote, &c.; Miss Evelyn Millard, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Clara Jecks, &c.

GAIETY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, CINDER-ELLEN UP TOO LATE. Miss K. James and Mr. Fred Leslie. At 7.40, QUEER STREET

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8, THE LIFE WE LIVE. Messrs. Charles Warner, Wilfrid E. Shine, Henry Bedford, Ian Robertson, Walter Gay, Harry Eversfield, and W. L. Abingdon; Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Misses Brinsley Sheridan, Elizabeth Beale, Lilian Millward, and Mary Rorke.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.45, HAPPY RETURNS. Mr. Thomas Thorne; Messrs. Cyril Maude, Chas. S. Fawcett, C. W. Somerset, C. Dodsworth, Oswald Yorke, J. Wheatman, Bill Edwards; Misses Ella Banister, Tresch, and Dorothy Dorr. At 8, MEADOW SWEET. Mr. F. Gillmore.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, BLUE-EYED SUSAN. Miss Nellie Stewart, and Phyllis Broughton: Mr Arthur Roberts, and Mr. Chauncey Olcott. At 7.45, DONNA LUIZA.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.45, WALKER, LONDON. Mr. J. L. Toole and Miss Mary Brough. At 7.45, DAISY'S ESCAPE. Mr. J. Billington and Miss Poole.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.15, MIDSUMMER DAY; at 9, LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Nutcombe Gould; Miss Fanny Coleman and Miss Marion Terry.

LYRIC THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.20, THE MOUNTEBANKS. Misses Geraldine Ulmar, Aida Jenoure, Eva Moore, and Lucille Saunders; Messrs. Lionel Brough, Frank Wyatt, J. Robertson, F. Cook, A. Playfair, C. Gilbert, Porteous, Burt, and Harry Monkhouse Preceded, at 7.40, by THE SENTRY.

GARRICK THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.45, A FOOL'S PARADISE. Mr. John Hare and Miss Kate Rorke. At 7.55, MY DAUGHTER.

SAVOY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, THE VICAR OF BRAY. Mr. Barrington and Miss E. Brandram. At 8, CAPTAIN BILLY.

GLOBE THEATRE.

This Day, at 2, BEATA. At 8.30, THE TIN BOX. Mr. Everard, Mr. Melford, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Leonard Outram; Miss Hughes, and Miss Francis Ivor.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.15, THE MAGISTRATE. Messrs. Reeves Smith, Beauchamp, Garthorne, Lathbury, Palgrave, Stacey, and Mark Melford; Misses Dacosta Moore, Leyton, Foster, Pauncefort, Bowman, and Olga Brandon.

AVENUE THEATRE.

This Evening at 8.30, A DOLL'S HOUSE. Mr. Charles Charrington and Mr. S. R. Foss; Miss Marion Lea and Miss Janet Achurch.

COMEDY THEATRE.

This Evening at 8.20, THE WIDOW. Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. Arthur Cecil; Miss Violet Armbruster, and Miss Annie Irish. Followed by TIME IS MONEY. Mr. Charles H. Hawtrey; Miss Featherston, and Miss Lottie Venne. At 7.45, A BREEZY MORNING.

NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening at 8, JULIUS CÆSAR. Edmund Tearle, &c.

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The proportion of aggravated cases to simple cases is larger than it was formerly; hence more expensive instruments are required, greater care is entailed, and increased Funds are needed. Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by Lloyds, Barnetts, and Bosanquet's Bank (Limited), 62, Lombard-street, E.C.; and by the Secretary, at the Institution, 35, Finsbury-square.

JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON, April 23.

"NI DIEU, NI MAITRE!"

The approach of May Day and its Labour Demonstrations is being heralded by a series of Anarchist outrages in various countries. May Day is recognised as a high festival by the Labour party, by the Socialists, and by the Anarchists; and yet we are asked to believe that these different sections are not connected with each other. Now we are not in the least concerned to deny that the great Revolutionary movement embraces parties representing several shades of opinion. But we *are* concerned to affirm that the difference between one and another is a mere question of "shade"—not of colour. The shades are various, but the colour is the same; the colour is Red. Here in London, for instance, the May Day demonstration in Hyde-park will form a rallying-point for Revolutionary organisations professing to have nothing in common with each other. If that pretence were anything but the worthless sham it is, why should they co-operate on a similar occasion? This substantial unity underlying outward diversity bears witness to the shrewdness with which the Revolutionary movement is always detected. No man of sense or of ordinary observation nowadays doubts its cosmopolitan character; and it is impossible not to to admire the skill with which it addresses itself to various minds and various classes, and succeeds in welding them together into an instrument for effecting its purpose.

That purpose has long since been well described and summed up in the formula, *Ni Dieu, ni maître.* The incompatibility of Christian principles with Revolutionary principles is a fact, whatever certain aimable ecclesiastical visionaries—Roman or Anglican—may urge to the contrary. The Revolutionist, on his side, cherishes no illusion on the subject. He knows very well that the two can no more mingle than can oil and water. He recognises in the Christian Religion a form of belief whose doctrines and precepts are the direct negation of his own propaganda, and in the Christian Church an organisation which must be ruthlessly swept away before his ideals are realised. He knows that modern civilisation is the direct outcome of the supremacy of Christian ideas, and that the fabric of society itself rests upon the foundation of Christian morals. War against Religion has been ceaselessly waged by the Revolutionary movement from the outset. And reasonably so; for that movement can never triumph so long as the Christian Society remains unexterminated. It is curious to note how many of the recent Anarchist outrages have been directed against the Christian Religion as represented by her ministers, or by her sacred buildings. In various instances the explosion of bombs or petards has been effected or attempted in churches. Only a few days ago a priest was nearly killed at the altar itself by an Anarchist assailant. The *animus* exhibited in these cases does not differ in the least degree from that which actuates the Revolutionary movement generally. The whole policy of the French Republic illustrates this fact very clearly.

Between the anti-Christian hostility of the Anarchist agitator who organises a riot in church, and that displayed by the Republican Government that openly connives at the riot, there is no very perceptible difference. A Republican Minister of Public Worship who declines to protect the Church from her assailants becomes an accomplice in their assault. In point of fact he has made himself an active accomplice in these attacks by threatening pains and penalties against the clergy whose preaching has "provoked" the Anarchists to fling chairs and other missiles at the heads of the congregation. We notice with amusement, though not without some shame at the gross ignorance on all Church matters displayed by the ordinary British journalist, that a paper like the *Times* censures the French clergy for organising in their churches "Dialogue Conferences" as a "substitute" for the "accustomed ministra "tions of the Church." No more absurd nonsense was ever penned. The Dialogue Conferences are not a "substitute" for any other "ministration." They stand on a footing of their own, and are quite an old Lenten institution in France, as they are in Italy. They have always been an extremely popular and effective means of con veying religious teaching to unlettered congregations. It is just because they are so successful that the Atheistic Revolutionaries have found it necessary to resort to the chair-flinging argument—just as they did in a notable instance four years ago at Rouen Cathedral, where the Abbé Garnier, one of the most popular priests in France, and the active leader of a movement embracing thousands of workmen, had to be silenced by a similar expedient. As to the other charge against the French Bishops and clergy—that they interfere in politics—it is no less absurd, unjust, and misleading. "Politics" in France have everything to do with religion. When politicians attack the Church's Marriage Law; when they insist on bringing up Catholic children, not merely as atheists, but as blasphemers (see the shocking evidence on this point quoted in our columns a fortnight ago); when everything is done by the State to insult and outrage the Christian Religion—are the accredited teachers of that religion to be bidden to maintain silence, under the threat, forsooth, of the confiscation of their mean and miserable pittances? To imagine the French clergy capable of a similar betrayal of their trust is to exhibit a curious want of acquaintance with the spirit which actuates one of the noblest bodies of men in the Christendom.

TURKEY AND BULGARIA.

It appears that the Turkish Government have at last assented to the release of the youth, who fresh from the nest of Bulgarian refugees at Odessa, was an object of dread to the agents of Russia about whose secret dealings he was likely to be too well informed. Promises are also held out of steps being taken to punish the murderers of D'Vulhuentel. Against, as it said, the desire of the Grand Vizier, the Sultan accorded an audience to M. Dimitu, the Bulgarian Agent, who impressed him strongly with the justice of his demands. But the guilty parties are believed to be safe in Odessa, under Russian protection, and the offer to bring them to justice at Constantinople is, therefore, empty and meaningless, save as a mere expression of goodwill. It is singular that Russia, which has so much experience of assassination plots at home, should have any disposition to protect assassins abroad. One can scarcely believe that such a course is really approved in the highest quarters. Yet there seems little doubt that conspiracy after conspiracy against the Prince of Bulgaria, his Ministers, or agents, has, if not beforehand sanctioned, been sheltered, as far as possible, from punishment by Russian officials. The veto of Russia has prevented Prince Ferdinand from obtaining full recognition by Europe. It almost seems as if Russian politicians acted on the principle of certain casuists that an usurper, a "tyrant in titule," might lawfully be put to death, and that the technical irregularity of Prince Ferdinand's position had brought him and those who served him under this denunciation. It is only a step in advance of the open opposition of the Russian Government to allow those who had plotted Prince Alexander's overthrow to be brought to account lest they should not have an impartial trial. If anything could defend the action of domestic conspirators in Russia, or, at least, palliate their crimes, it would be the example set by some at least of the agents of their Government in its dealings with its Southern neighbours. Russia has never forgiven the Bulgarians for declining to show gratitude for their emancipation by becoming the mechanical instrument of her policy. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, saw no reason why the freedom promised to them should mean simply a change of absolute masters, a complete dependence on the Czar in lieu of the Sultan. The persecution of one Prince of their own choice, the refusal to recognise another, has thrown them back on their old enemies, whose suzerainty they still acknowledge. The Sultan and his councillors no doubt may feel some resentment against those whose grievancies were made the occasion of his being deprived of his direct control over a large part of his European dominions. But it is clearly to his interest and that of the Turkish Empire that Bulgaria should be in opposition to Russia rather than under her influence. As a suzerain he owes to his vassal such protection as it may seek. It could never be desirable for the Government at Constantinople to allow free course in its own territory to unscrupulous plotters against order and tranquillity in Bulgaria. Unfortunately, to some degree the policy of Turkey seems lately to have been shaped by a desire to deprecate Russian hostility, and find safety in becoming an instrument in Russian hands. Such a policy can hardly in the long run answer its purpose. It can only be adopted under the belief that neither of Turkey's Western allies will in future be of service to her, France being now closely connected with Russia, England no longer under any Administration disposed to intervene on her behalf, and that her only safety is in Russian forbearance. We trust the last act of the Sultan shows that this deference has its limit.

Reviews.

JULIUS CÆSAR.*

Though each volume of the *Heroes of the Nations* has been well worth reading, we are inclined to think that no volume of that excellent series, except, perhaps, that on Theodoric, has attained so high a level of excellence as the one now before us, in which the Sub-Rector of Lincoln has essayed the difficult task of treating of *Julius Cæsar*. The task is, indeed, a difficult one, but at the same time the unrivalled interest of the subject is such that it would be hardly possible for any book professing to deal with it to be altogether without attraction for the general reader, and, often as that task has been adventured on, there is still room for such a volume as that before us, in which the author has made yet another attempt to assign to Cæsar his proper place in the history of the world. He was not, according to Mr. Fowler's view, the founder, much less was he the organiser of the Roman Empire, but he rendered that Empire possible, and his life marks a great change in European history. His work was of necessity imperfect, being cut short on the day when, according to the poet—

> Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
> The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away;

but, according to the modern philosophic historian, Brutus cut short an experiment which, if carried out, might have led to a reunion of the East and the West under a strong and honest government, and might have avoided a long period of civil war followed by a despotism more oppressive and less enlightened than that of Cæsar. For it is a great mistake to interpret Cæsarism, as it has so often been interpreted of late, as mere military despotism. It is true that if it had not been for his trained soldiers Cæsar would never have been in a position to carry out the reforms which were necessary at Rome before a strong government could be established. But it was not merely on his trained soldiers that he relied to carry out those reforms, and while he maintained that the task of supervising the vast Empire which owned the sway of Rome was to be the duty of one man, he never lost sight of an important condition for the effective carrying-out of that supervision, that the one man was to helped in each individual community by the free action of the communal authorities. That it is which distinguishes true and false Cæsarism, and parts asunder the personal rule of the ruler who rules for the benefit of the whole of the people submitted to his care, and that of the ruler who rules for the benefit of himself and of a clique of his own supporters. It was no mere military monarchy that Cæsar sought to establish, and the united civil and military command which the Romans always understood by the word *imperium* was not chosen by him as a conception of mere arbitrary power resting upon armed force, but as a conception of the government of Rome, Italy, and the Provinces by one man who should have equally at heart the interests of all. But there is, at the same time, a strong presumption that "he meant the "permanent constitution of the Empire to be "monarchy, and that monarchy, if possible, an "hereditary one." At the same time, it was not from personal ambition or the desire of founding a family—it must always be remembered that he had no son to follow him—that he laboured to lay the foundation of that great edifice the Roman Imperial system. The following passage, taken from Mr. Fowler's chapter on Cæsar's use of absolute power, gives a truer view of the situation than that which has been put forward by the writers who see in the great Julius merely a man of unbounded personal ambition, a fitting prototype of those who have been the most prominent representatives of modern Cæsarism :—

> Cæsar's work marks the consummation of a series of revolutionary tendencies which had been gaining strength for generations, and even for centuries. Such tendencies are from time to time perceived and interpreted by statesmen like Gaius Gracchus, whose reason and sympathy combine to qualify them as revolutionary leaders and spokesmen; but human nature is in spite of itself so intensely conservative, that it would seem to need every favourable circumstance,—the right man to lead, an overwhelming material force, a universal cry of discontent,—nay, even an almost universal lowering of the moral standard, before the world can shake itself free of old trammels, and begin again in freedom and hope. It has been one object of this book so far to show that in the world of Cæsar's time almost every ingredient was present that could lead to a revolutionary explosion; a low moral standard; a prevailing discontent which was often the result of real hopeless misery; an overwhelming material force in the shape of a well-trained professional army; and lastly, the right man both to perceive and interpret the evil, to control the forces, and to provide for the future by reconstruction.
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> But, to come to close quarters with this difficult subject, what were in reality these revolutionary tendencies to which Cæsar first gave clear articulate expression? We may trace three, all closely connected with each other, and forming in fact one powerful current, the direction of which had been at least discovered, if not guided, by the Roman democratic leaders from the Gracchi onwards.
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> First, and most obvious of the three, there was the demand for some permanent change in the character of the central government of Rome, which should take the control of affairs out of the hands of incompetent and sordid men, and deposit it with those who could be trusted to act with reason, and with goodwill towards mankind.
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> Secondly, and following directly on the first, there was the demand for a social change which should neutralise the enormous influence of the small body of Italian capitalists, whether used to prop up a rotten system of government at home, or to oppress the masses of population in the provinces.
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> Thirdly, there was the inarticulate demand, audible only to the real statesman, and arising out of complicated causes which had been at work for centuries, for a new system of political organisation, which might give new life to the numberless little communities of which the Empire was made up, and might weld them all into a compact whole, of which each might be well content to form a part.
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> It is easy to see at a glance that the solution of such problems as these, the task of directing such revolutionary forces to their full realisation, was utterly beyond the power of a single man or a single age. Cæsar himself could only make a beginning, and of that beginning part at least did not survive the chaos that followed his death. But in another sense he stands not as a beginner but as the finisher of a great work. In him all these forces came to a head and found expression. It was he who coerced the whole Roman world into attention, and made it harken to the voice of reason. True, the very fact that he had to use force deprived him of the power to be a great constructor, for he spent himself in the effort, and force was rewarded by assassination. But more perhaps than any statesman in history, he was, as his very features seem to attest, a great schoolmaster of mankind. He finished the education which the Gracchi had begun; but of the use to which the new knowledge was to be applied he could make only a bare beginning.
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> That beginning was prevented from being carried on to a more complete fulfilment, to a veritable "crowning of the edifice," by the assassination of the only man who could so have carried it out, and Mr. Fowler, while describing the murder of Cæsar as "the most brutal and "the most pathetic scene that profane history "chose to record," quotes also Goethe's condemnation of it as "the most senseless deed that "ever was done." It did not prevent absolutism, but to a great extent determined unfavourably what the character of that absolutism was to be, rendering possible the worst features of Imperialism as distinguished from the true Cæsarism.
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> Mr. Fowler labours somewhat to prove too much, and to show that Cæsar was forced into his attitude of hostility towards the powers that were, and to palliate his undoubted revolt against constituted authority. He admits that his leaving his province and crossing the Rubicon was unconstitutional, but maintains that it was really necessary to overthrow the Senate in order to govern and develop the Empire. Indeed, according to him the Republic practically ceased to exist when Pompeius—we shall call him for the rest of our review by the less strictly accurate but the less pedantic form of his name Pompey—received the Asiatic command, and it was only a question whether Pompey or Cæsar should attain despotic power. This may, probably, be the correct view, and it can hardly be doubted that if Pompey had been more self-seeking and less scrupulous it might have been by him rather than by his great rival that the foundation of the Roman Imperial system would have been laid. But Mr. Fowler goes rather too far in his anxiety to prove that Cæsar was in no ways influenced by personal ambition, specially when he insists that it was with no deliberate calculation, and with no preparation for such a contingency as the declaration of civil war, that he quitted Gaul, and that it was only when he knew from Antony and Cassius of the decree of the Senate proclaiming a state of war, that he resolved to appeal to arms. This view is not altogether consistent with his having sent orders some four weeks before for the rest of his army to march at once from further Gaul, which is clearly shown to have been the case by Colonel Stoffell, whose careful researches, to which Napoleon III.'s *Jules César* owe so much, are made good use of by the present biographer. Yet another too favourable estimate of his hero's conduct is to found in the passage which tells that Cæsar's veterans were provided with land in Italy "without injustice or violence." But in other respects Mr. Fowler's sketch shows no undue partiality, and shows also none of that desire to extenuate which at the present day is a far more common fault of the historian than setting down in malice.
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> It is chiefly from the writings of Cicero, and from those of Cæsar himself, that the materials for the present volume have been gathered, and incidentally we have a most interesting comment on the senatorial champion, though a full sketch of his career is reserved for the promised volume of the same series, in which Mr. Davidson is to treat of *Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic*. As to Cæsar's own writings, Mr. Fowler maintains that they are not mere political pamphlets, as some critics have persuaded themselves, still less are they a mere record of military operations.
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> Cæsar's book is at once a record of war and administration and a tale of adventure and discovery; it is not only the work of a consummate general, but of a man of literary and scientific tastes, and of an unerring artistic feeling for what was pure and suitable in language. It was written in haste, and probably with the immediate political purpose of justifying the conquests it describes, and of explaining to the Roman people the independence of home authority which its author had allowed himself; but neither hurry nor policy was suffered to affect either its literary or its scientific value. Cæsar's inquiries into the social and political condition of this new world of which he threw open the gates, though confined to a few brief chapters, are still the chief basis of our knowledge of the subject; every sentence is valuable, and the whole has been proved to be as correct a picture as the best observer of that day could be expected to produce. This constitutes what may be called its scientific merit; its literary merit is still more obvious. In spite of the fact,—known to us not only from the passage of Cicero quoted above, but from the testimony of the author of the eighth book,—that it was not intended as a finished historical treatise, but rather as material for others to work upon, it remains the most perfect specimen we possess of pure and unaffected Latin prose. It is as far removed from the roughness of Varro on the one hand, as it is from the refinements and artistic devices of Cicero on the other. Its Latin is in itself perfect, a genuine Roman product, with the neatness of the best Attic Greek, but wholly independent of Hellenic adornment. It may give the reader some idea of its position in Roman literature, if we compare it with that stratum of pure English writing which lies between the "learned" English of Milton and Sir Thomas Browne, and the Latinised English of Johnson. Swift, Defoe, Addison, and Bolingbroke are our best examples of the adaptation of a genuine native tongue in the purest form to the various purposes required of it. Their language, like Cæsar's, is uniformly simple and natural; it is appropriate rather than choice, so that while no individual sentence may linger long in our memory, the whole composition has exactly the desired effect.
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> One word more must needs be said before we pass to a summary of the operations by which Cæsar secured the Transalpine province against invasion from the north. What idea does his book give us of his own character and personality?
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> The answer seems paradoxical, but is none the less true. Though Cæsar keeps himself, his personal feelings and experiences, most carefully in the back ground while he tells his story, his book is yet far the most valuable evidence we possess as to his character and intellect. He is there, indeed, inseparable from his army—an individual unit, though the chief and guiding one, in an irresistible combination of forces. In reading the book we are placed, as it were, on some commanding height, looking down on the plains of Gaul, and seeing armies in motion below; we rarely get a glimpse of the personal details of military life, the hardships, the anxieties, the incessant vigilance and toil. The one cool head which guides all operations seems untroubled by any obstacles, and lifted clear above the petty details either of disappointment or success. The tale moves on, with hardly an attempt to rouse the imagination or stir the blood, even in an age when all rhetorical devices were at the command of every educated man. But it is this very quality of the book which shows us the nature of the man far better than the biographies of later generations, confirming the little we know of him from the writings of his own contemporaries. The absence of sensitiveness, of egoism, and of passion, are characteristic both of the book and the man. Even in the most perilous moments, and in the most adventurous undertakings, we can see as we read that he was a man of facts and not of imagination; or at least that the special kind of imaginative power which every great conqueror and explorer has in some degree possessed—Alexander, Hannibal, Cortes, Clive, Napoleon—was in him kept in strict subordination to reason and to the exigences of every day.
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> Other features, some of which have been already

* *Julius Cæsar and the Foundation of the Roman Imperial System.* By W. Warde Fowler, M.A., Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.—London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892.

incidentally noticed, will be apparent to the careful reader. The language, almost always clear as crystal, reveals an unclouded intellect and an unhesitating will. The courtesy and kindness for which he was noted, are seen here in the absence of all severe comment on the mistakes of his officers. In his very first campaign, a decisive victory was snatched from his grasp by the blunder of an old soldier in whose experience he had confided; but he contents himself with noting that Considius was frightened, and had reported what was fancy and not fact. In telling the story of the most terrible disaster that ever befel his troops, he does not bear hardly on the unfortunate officer who was responsible. He comments briefly on the mistakes liable to be made by *all* men who are forced to take counsel at the critical moment instead of beforehand, and on the necessity in warfare in keeping in mind not only the rules of the military art, but the moral effect on your own troops and on the enemy of every step you take in an emergency. And lastly, it will be admitted that, on the whole, the book carries conviction with it, and bears the stamp of truth. It must be judged on this score almost entirely by internal evidence, for there is hardly any others means of criticising it. Written indeed as it was with an immediate political purpose, it was inevitable that some things should be suppressed which would give a handle to his enemies at home, and others perhaps of which it might be impolitic to remind his own officers: for that Cæsar was blameless throughout so long and so trying a command was neither possible nor true. But what he does tell us, we may believe to be true, in perhaps a greater degree than we can trust any historical work of antiquity; and in their clearness, their force, their self-restraint, the *Commentaries* remain an imperishable monument of the true Roman type of mind, of which, as was hinted earlier in this volume, Cæsar was perhaps the last and certainly the greatest example.

There are many other passages in the book which we had marked for extract or comment, but we have probably said enough to show to our readers that the volume before us is one of much interest and value. We cannot, from consideration of the space at our disposal, quote as we should like to have done the author's appreciative sketches of Cæsar himself, of his great rival Pompey, of Cicero, of Brutus, and of Antony, or, what we still more regret to omit, the striking passage in which he discusses the effect of Cæsar's nine years' absence from the capital on his character and on his method of procedure when once more brought face to face with the political strife of Rome. But we cannot part from this book without mentioning three of its characteristic merits. One of these is the admirable manner in which the geography of the country is rendered more intelligible by a constant reference to the experiences of the modern railway traveller in the same region, another is the happy use of modern instances, as when the demands of Cæsar upon Ariovistus are justified by a comparison with those of Sir Bartle Frere upon Cetewayo, and Cæsar in his province is thus described:—

> He was no more troubled by restrictions from a home government than was Cortes in Mexico; his army was now ready to go with him anywhere and do anything at his orders; it was as impossible for him to stay where he was, as it was for the British in India in the last century, and for the Russians in Central Asia at the present day.

Again, Cæsar's passage of the Segres, under the very eyes of the Pompeian General is compared with that of the Douro by Wellington under the very eyes of Soult; the horrors of the storm of Avaricum with those of the storm of Badajoz; the position of Cæsar at Alexandria, with that of the same city, after the English bombardment and occupation in 1882: Achillas with Arabi; the degenerate population of Rome with the mean whites of the Southern States before the American Civil War, and the hostility aroused against the Dictator by his distribution of offices with that which some new President of the United States has to face when the distribution of the spoils has to be made. Another feature of the book to which we desire to call attention is the excellence of the illustrations, which are better selected and more effective than in any of the previous volumes of the series. Special interest attaches to the reproduction of the various busts of Cæsar, including that of him as Pontifex Maximus, as to the authenticity of which the author expresses some doubt, though he has included it at the express desire of the publisher, but we regret that he has not also given us the beautiful and striking basalt bust in the Berlin Museum to which he refers.

LIDDON'S SERMONS.*

Christian Theology has recently been enriched by the publication of two new volumes of Sermons by Dr. Liddon. We feel bound to express once more our appreciation of the manner in which the publishers are bringing out the whole series. The print and paper are everything that could be wished; the compression, in several instances, of two volumes into one being effected without the least detriment to the appearance of the page, and yet with very considerable gain to the reader on the score both of handiness and of cheapness.

Dr. Liddon's literary executors do not announce the proximate appearance of any further volumes; but it is difficult not to imagine that there must still exist among his papers a sufficient number of hitherto unpublished discourses, to say nothing of several others published separately at the time they were delivered, to make up at least one more volume. It need hardly be said that thousands of Churchmen are eagerly waiting for the time when they will be able to place on their bookshelves an entire and complete series of these most precious literary remains. In the supply of this urgent want it is to be hoped that there will be no unnecessary delay.

The first thing that strikes us about the collection of twenty-five *Sermons on Old Testament Subjects* is the strangely unaccountable omission from it of one of the two greatest sermons on the Old Testament that Liddon ever delivered. His grand discourse on "The Inspiration of Selection," as having been preached before the University of Oxford, may be considered to fall preferably under the category of University Sermons. But we cannot conceive any valid or plausible reason for the exclusion of the celebrated pronouncement at St. Paul's on "The "Worth of the Old Testament" from a volume entirely devoted to Dr. Liddon's teaching on the subject of the Old Testament. The character of the Old Testament is one of the chief theological battlefields of the day. Before Dr. Liddon died he had entered into the fray with an ardour in which were concentrated the deepest convictions of a life. It is a fact, established (as we hold) on adequate testimony, that our departed Teacher literally died in defence of what he passionately believed to be the truth about the Scriptures of the earlier Covenant. To print a volume setting forth his doctrine on individual portions of those Scriptures, and yet to neglect the solemn declarations he made about them as a whole, does seem to us unfortunate in the extreme: none the less so because some, at any rate, of those presumably responsible for the selection are, rightly or wrongly, credited with having taken the opposite side to Dr. Liddon in the momentous controversy referred to. Frankly, we resent, as a dishonour to his revered memory, what certainly wears the appearance of an uncandid way of dealing with the great divine's doctrine on a grave subject.

It is interesting to observe, from a purely literary standing-point, a certain contrast between what may be termed the more severely academical style of such a sermon as that on the Creation, preached in 1867, and the more free and popular treatment adopted at a later period, when the preacher felt himself more, so to speak, at home with his vast audiences under the Dome of St. Paul's. In the sermons belonging to the earlier period of Dr. Liddon's regular ministry at St. Paul's, the subjects—suggested, of course, by the Sunday First Lessons read during his summer term of residence—are, as a rule, drawn from the Books of Kings; and the highly dramatic character of the principal scenes recorded in those Books affords full scope for the exercise of some of the preacher's most remarkable gifts. We note here his exceptional power of vivid and effective narration; his masterly analysis of the various factors in a striking situation; his delicate perception of the complex motives actuating the various personages; the touches of polished irony with which he describes their mental or moral attitude.

One great and conspicuous characteristic shines out in the later sermons in the volume — those preached in 1886 and in subsequent years. Need we say that we refer to the potent influence exercised on them by Dr. Liddon's visit to Egypt and the Holy Land? Never did Eastern traveller make better use in the pulpit of the gleanings of his journey: witness the fine sermon on "The "Attractiveness of Egypt" (1886); or that on "The Egyptian Overthrow" (1888); or the two specially referring to the topography of the Holy City—"David Preparing for the Temple" (1886), and "Jerusalem" (1886); or the description of the desert of the Arabah in "The Death "of Aaron" (1887); not to mention other instances. These sermons prove how deep was the effect engraven on this keenly observant, pious, and reverent mind by the contemplation of scenes so closely associated with Old and New Testament history.

Of infinitely greater importance—it need hardly be said—than any mere points of literary style is the moral and spiritual teaching conveyed in these pages. With this, however, we could not deal adequately within anything like reasonable limits. Nor, we trust, is this necessary in the case of a book which, it is to be hoped, will be thought indispensable to every Churchman's library. Many of the most characteristic features of Dr. Liddon's teaching are here to be met with. Of these the vindication of the Old Testament records of Divine judgments is one of the most noticeable. In the sermon on "The Valley "of Achor" we are reminded, in connection with the wholesale character of the punishment inflicted on the family of Achan, that similar occurrences are only to be explained consistently with a belief that the world is governed by absolute and unerring Justice, if we accept the fact of a future life in which accounts will be accurately balanced. So, in the sermon on "The Blessing of Jael," we get a defence of Jael's killing of Sisera on the ground that, though her act is indefensible if judged by the perfect Moral Code, Jael is to be praised for her loyalty to the one ray of truth which she knew, and of which Sisera was the deadly enemy. It will be observed that this treatment of the subject differs somewhat from that which marks James Mozley's well-known essay upon it. We must confess to a decided preference for Dr. Mozley's more uncompromising defence of Jael's deed, as better entitled to claim the sanction of Deborah's inspired language.

The other volume of the two before us is entitled *Sermons on Some Words of Christ*. Of these twenty-three discourses all were preached at St. Paul's except the earliest in date—that on "Self-Denial," delivered at Cambridge in Lent, 1868. This sermon, the reply to the fallacy that the luxury of the rich provides labour for the poor, might almost have been penned by Ruskin. The preacher asks if it is "certain that industry "is thus dependent upon the enervation and "demoralisation of a large class to which it "ministers;" and he points out that if the wealthy, eschewing personal self-indulgence, and living in simplicity themselves, were to spend the bulk of their outlay on public works of religion and charity, "there might still be, "methinks, in such a state of things, the same "market for art, for skill, for all that is beauti-"ful and costly; but its destination would be "different." The tone of the whole sermon exhibits the feeling which had in 1868 begun to occupy the minds of many thoughtful men, that the recent extension of the franchise marked the beginning of a new social epoch.

Of a different character is the sermon on "The "Justification of Wisdom," containing a characteristically lucid exegesis of a text, St. Luke vii. 35, that presents considerable difficulties to the ordinary reader. The Parable of the Unjust Steward is the subject of two sermons, preached with an interval of eleven years between them; and a companion of the different lines of treatment in the two expositions is of great interest. The sermon given here on the Pharisee and the Publican was preached in 1887; but not a few of those who remember Liddon's earlier discourses at St. Paul's can recall a sermon on the same parable preached sixteen years before. It is conceivable that the two may, so to speak, overlap each other at some points; but we should have been glad if both had been printed in the present collection.

Of the Gospel for the Tenth Sunday after Trinity Liddon (p. 253) himself observes, "This "is one of those Gospels which will bear preach-"ing on year after year;" and it has provided him with texts for no less than four sermons in this series. In the discourse on "The Cleansing "of the Temple," delivered in 1874, there occurs a passage which aroused a great deal of public attention at the time, being quoted in all the newspapers. It begins (referring to the Christian Church)—"Into this Temple, also, there "sometimes intrudes that which moves the "holy anger of the Son of Man." Having mentioned some of the advantages of Church "establishment," the preacher uttered these remarkable words:—

> But if it ever happen to a great Church or to its foremost Rulers to think more of the secular side of its position than of the spiritual; more of a seat in the Senate and high social rank than of the work of God among the masses of the people; if, in order to save income and position in times of real or supposed peril, there is a willingness to barter away the very safeguards of the Faith, or to silence the pleadings of generosity and justice in deference to uninstructed clamour; then be sure that, unless history is at fault as well as Scripture, we may listen for the Footfalls of the Son of Man on the outer threshold of

* *Sermons on Old Testament Subjects.* By the late H. P. Liddon, D.D. Second Edition.—London: Longmans and Co., 1891.

Sermons on Some Words of Christ. By the Same. 1892.

the temple, and we shall not long listen in vain. Churches are disestablished and disendowed—to the eye of sense, through the action of political parties—to the eye of faith, by His interference Who ordereth all things both in heaven and earth, and Who rules us at this moment on the same principles as those which of old led Him to cleanse the temple in Jerusalem.

This was preached just after the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act.

There is a pathos of its own in the sermon, number XL., delivered on the last Sunday of the year 1889, in which the preacher observes,

As we get up in the morning, and say to ourselves—"This is the last Sunday in the year," we can hardly help asking ourselves, however hastily, what use we have made of the fifty-one Sundays that have preceded it, to say nothing of the intervening days; we can hardly help whispering each to himself, "I wonder whether I shall be here to see the last Sunday of another year."

When the last Sunday of another year did come, it was to find the well-known voice that had delivered this solemn warning itself hushed in the silence of the grave.

SHORT NOTICES.

The fifth volume of the Jubilee Edition of *Cassell's History of England* carries on the narrative from the year 1810 to the death of Sir Robert Peel, and, like its predecessors, makes a handsome and attractive-looking book. It is profusely illustrated both with portraits of the eminent persons who, to use an old-fashioned term, "flourished" during the period which it covers and with sketches of the scenery of the historic events recorded in it. Both of these, though not always of equal merit, are, as a rule, effective, but we do not care so much for the fancy pictures of historical incidents which it contains. But this is a matter of taste, and on the principle—

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,

it may be as well, from the popular point of view, that an attempt should be made to call up before the eyes of the reader some presentment, however imaginative, of the more striking incidents which find a place in the narrative. The narrative itself, though partaking somewhat, when regarded from a literary point of view, of the journeyman character, and though not always fair to the Tories, is carefully, and, on the whole, unpretendingly and not ineffectively written.

We should hardly have thought that *The Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Napier* would have attracted a sufficient share of general interest to reach a second edition, though he was entitled, having regard to the present mania for biography, to have some memorial of his useful political career put upon record for the benefit of his family and friends. But we suppose that, having regard to the laws of supply and demand, Messrs. Cassell would not have issued this new and revised edition of the original book had they not felt that it was likely to prove acceptable. As far as we are ourselves concerned, it is more his political than his ecclesiastical views which commend him to us, but he was undoubtedly a good and sincere, if somewhat narrow-minded, man; though we can hardly agree with his biographer that "it might "well be doubted whether worthier subjects for "biography could be found." At the same time, it must be remembered that he has been "lauded "by Brougham as a constitutional lawyer, by "Lecky as an historical essayist, and by Gladstone as a statesman beyond his age." In the present edition the chapter on the Ritual Commission has been judiciously omitted, and some other minor alterations have been made, but the biographer continues to complain of the treatment which his hero met with on the return of Lord Derby to power in 1866, being apparently of opinion that deafness is no disqualification for high judicial office.

It may be our misfortune, or it may be our fault, or perhaps both, that we have never been able to get up much enthusiasm on behalf of *Madame de Staël*, and we do not feel so angry as we suppose we ought to do with Napoleon for his harsh treatment of "the passionate virago" whose vanity he had hurt and who never forgave him. That she was a clever woman cannot be doubted; but it is more doubtful if she were really a woman of genius, while her cleverness or genius, whichever we may call it, must not blind us to her morbid vanity, her false sentiment, her vague Deism, her more than questionable morality. Doubtless it will be attributed to Philistinism that we dwell on these petty details instead of being inspired with a due sentimental enthusiasm for Benjamin Constant's *inamorata*, and, therefore, we may not be regarded as competent critics of the latest tribute to her fame, when she leads off the series of *Great French Writers* which M. Jusseraud is editing for Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The memoir of her which M. Albert Sorel has contributed to that series does not fail in due appreciation of his subject, though he admits some shortcomings on his heroine's part. It betrays in many places its foreign origin, not only in such instances as the calling of Richardson's heroine, Clarisse, but in certain turns of phrase and of sentiment discordant to the genius of the language in which the memoir is written. In it the biographer proclaims his heroine to be "a beautiful genius rather than an artist in "literature and history, a great witness rather "than an actor in the events of her time;" but he maintains that "she represents one of the best "epochs of the French spirit," which is certainly rather a cruel verdict upon the French spirit at its best epoch. At the same time, his little volume is cleverly written, and if it fails to carry with it the sympathies of the reader, the fault is probably more with the subject than with the writer.

My Water Cure (H. Grevel and Co., 1892) is, as we learn from the title-page, "the only autho "rised and complete English edition of a book "which has run through thirty-six editions in the "German original." That original is the work of a Bavarian parish priest who has devoted himself to the cure of human bodies without in any way neglecting his own permanent obligation in the way of the cure of human souls. As is customary with enthusiasts, he runs his hobby rather hard, and probably no one, since the days of Pindar, has proclaimed with such unquestioning belief the doctrine ἄριστον μεν ὕδωρ. The book was written mainly for the use of the poorer classes, but he by no means considers that it is to the poorer classes alone that it ought to appeal, and certainly, whatever difference there may be between poor and rich in other respects, when it comes to a question of the cure of disease the difference disappears. Whether the method of treatment which he advocates can really be as successful as he claims it to be, in all the varied forms of the ills which flesh is heir to of which he treats in his volume, may be doubted, but it cannot be doubted that in many cases it has produced a most successful result, and we should be far from classing it merely with the ordinary run of quack remedies with which we are familiar in the advertising columns of some of our contemporaries. The great profusion of medical detail contained in the volume before us renders it unsuitable for the general reader, though probably the author considers this the most important part of his book, and while the various prefaces to the successive editions point with a not unnatural pride to the extension of his method of treatment since its first promulgation, the last of them, like the first, maintains that it is to the author's love of God and his desire for the welfare of his fellow creatures that we owe the production of the book itself, and the anonymous translator prides himself on his preservation of the artless, not to say simple, style of the original. The result is by no means so attractive, from a literary point of view, as the late Sir Francis Head's *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*, with which it is natural to compare it, but the worthy priest writes as a healer, while Sir Francis wrote as a *littérateur*.

Messrs. Blackwood's *Practical Arithmetic Exercises for Senior Pupils* is intended to come to the assistance of the unhappy victims who have to satisfy the requirements of the Oxford, Cambridge, and Scottish Universities and Local Examinations, and those for pupil teachers, Civil Service candidates, pupils in secondary schools, and students in training. With that view the compiler has devoted special attention to collecting from various examination papers problems which have actually been set, and has brought together upwards of 6,000 examples commencing with the simple rules, and thence preceeding upwards to the higher arithmetic. Several examination papers are reproduced in *extenso*, and usefully supplement the exercises for which the editor is responsible, so that both the diligent pupil and the conscientious teacher will find the volume a very valuable aid both in learning and teaching. Answers are supplied to all the examples, which is a useful plan in dealing with arithmetical exercises, and is not in such a case open to the same objection as we have from time to time been compelled to take to the inclusion of answers in the same volume as questions in other branches of study.

Three new editions of popular books in the way of sporting literature, which will be specially welcome for use in the smoking-room of a country house, have just been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. First of these in our estimation, from a grateful memory of our boyish days, which perhaps makes us hardly fair judges of their real relative merit, we must place *Wild Sports of the West of Ireland*, which we were acccustomed in those days to regard as the most fascinating volume possible. As a mixture of legendary tales, folklore, local custom, and natural history, in addition to sporting narratives proper, it possesses attractions for a much wider class of readers than that to which a mere record of a sportsman's experiences would appeal. The district described is not quite so unfrequented, and the people not quite so primitive as they were, and the Irish landlord of fifty years ago is not now to be found. But this only adds to the interest of Mr. Maxwell's graphic sketches. Of the other two books, both very popular in their way, but not possessing for us the same personal charm, one is an illustrated reprint of *The Life of a Foxhound*, by the late John Mills, which needs no commendation to lovers of what the author, with pardonable enthusiasm, pronounced to be "the "noblest of recreations coming within the "category of English sports," and the other is a revised and cheaper edition of *The Angler's Companion*, by the late Mr. Stoddart, who spent nearly half a lifetime in angling and writing on matters connected with the gentle craft. This new issue, the third edition of a standard book, is in the main a reprint of the second, but omitting for obvious reasons that portion of it which treated of fishing with salmon roe, and also omitting the information that appeared in the earlier editions as to the various lettings for rod fishing, which can now be found in any recent sportsman's guide. It continues, however, amply to justify the claim made upon its title-page that it is a popular and practical handbook to the art of angling, and as such will be as acceptable to the disciple of Isaac Walton as *The Life of a Foxhound* will be to the foxhunter.

We must confess that we are not favourably impressed by finding in the preface of the story which Messrs. A. and C. Black have reprinted, with the title of *Under Other Conditions*, a statement, neither altogether grammatical nor altogether satisfactory, "that, however improbable "the story may read it can hardly be said to be "scientifically quite impossible." The hero is a certain Dr. Ezariel, who does, indeed, live *Under Other Conditions*, than those of ordinary humanity, for he is "one of those intelligences "that live in another world, and have passed "over the vast chasm of millions of miles in "space to visit this earth." It is somewhat gratifying to our national pride to find that in the other world than our from which the mysterious stranger comes a knowledge of English is regarded as the only qualification necessary for one about to visit this world of our's. This, however, is the only gratification which the reader is likely to derive from a perusal of *Under Other Conditions*, as the author, Mr. Lach-Szyrma, has not succeeded in investing the impossible with that apparent aspect of possibility which has rendered similar attempts not only readable but occasionally attractive.

ARTS AND LETTERS.

It is announced that the designing of the New Coinage has been entrusted to Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A. Mr. Brock's design for the Queen's head will appear on all the new coins, and two of his reverses, of which one is St. George and the Dragon. Mr. Poynter's designs for all the other reverses have been chosen. Amongst the rejected designs are those of Mr. Onslow Ford. The only artists allowed to compete were Royal Academicians and Associates.

Mr. Onslow Ford has sent to the Academy a model of the monument to Shelley to be executed for Lady Shelley. The body of the poet is represented lying on a slab, which is supported at either end by a winged lion; while an apple-tree in full fruit issues from between them, and forms the background to a seated figure of Poetry mourning over her unstrung lyre. The monument was to be erected over the grave in Rome where Shelley's ashes rest; but it was found that this could not be done owing to the disapproval of the owners of the ground, the Trelawny family. So its destination is New College, Oxford; although even there some extraordinary restrictions have been thrown in the way of its erection. A place has been assigned to it in the College Garden; and to protect it from the weather and playful undergraduates a small temple had been designed by Mr. Basil Champneys, and was to be

erected at Lady Shelley's cost. This covered an area of twenty-five feet, the smallest space within which justice could be done to the statue; but so much space could not be spared, so the design was reduced to fifteen feet, and a sufficient view was obtained by making the building an open one so that the monument could be seen from without. But the last news is that even this small plot is deemed too much to devote.

Alexandre Dumas is going to sell his collection of works of art, excepting those only which have been presented to him, and their dispersal will be one of the events of the Paris summer season. For nearly forty years the author of the "Dame aux Camélias" has accumulated, at first in his modest flat, and later in his sumptuous hotel in the Avenue de Villiers works of art of rare value. He has now determined to quit Paris and live at Marly-le-Roi. There windows, and the views from them, will suffice for his pleasures, and consequently pictures, drawings, statues, bronzes, furniture, and bric-à-brac are all to come under the hammer. When we say that the pictures include a dozen Meissoniers and all his drawings for the Contes Rémois, twenty-one Tassaerts, ten Vollons, besides examples of Delacroix, Dupré, Corot, Troyon, Fromentin, and others, an idea may be gained of the importance of the collection. The sale commences on May 9.

In the atrium of a Roman house recently excavated in the Piræus an unusually fine mosaic pavement has been laid bare, of which a large Medusa head occupies the centre. The head, sixty centimètres high, has abundant hair, and on the forehead two wings, like those of the *petasus* of Hermes, and is flanked by serpents. The inscription which runs round it is a reproduction of verses 741-2 of the fifth book of the Iliad, describing the Medusa on the shield of Athena. In the same ruins were found a terra-cotta antefix bearing in the centre a Gorgoneum, but dissimilar from the above, as it is of savage and repulsive appearance, with the tongue hanging out of the mouth.

It is stated that at Kirkstall Abbey, now in the hands of the Leeds Corporation, the ivy has been pulled from the walls, its roots grubbed up, and the walls being pointed with new mortar. At one portion a rather extensive building job is going on. How far it is to be carried does not appear. Possibly the Leeds authorities intend to rebuild.

At the forthcoming performance of Massenet's opera, *Werther*, at Weimar, Herr Giessen, who has been engaged to take the part of Werther, is a great nephew of the actual Lotte, and he will have to make love upon the stage to the representative of his own great aunt.

The Society of Friends has just arranged to purchase a large number of manuscripts relating to William Penn which have come into the American market.

The interior of the old church of Avon, near Fontainebleau, which contained the tomb of Monaldeschi, Queen Christina's victim, has been destroyed by a fire which began after the evening service and smouldered all night. The altar, which dated from the time of Louis XIII., the choir, and all the famous gifts of Ann of Austria were destroyed.

Mr. James Knowles writes that he is glad "to do justice to our English Michael Angelo, Alfred Stevens. By placing his masterpiece where it may be seen and honoured as it ought to be, we may still, before it is too late, partly wipe out the reproach from his own generation of almost totally neglecting him. There never was in this country before Stevens an artist who lived and wrought so habitually in the atmosphere of mental grandeur. He touched nothing which he did not dignify, and, as a plentiful lack of grandeur is perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of modern English art, anything which tends to turn the public mind from the prevalent commonplace vulgar realism to noble work like his may be of inestimable value."

Just before his death, Professor Freeman wrote a short history of his life and opinions for an American review; and it thoroughly confirms the estimate which most of his friends had formed of him. Brought up among Tories, he remained in some things a Tory to the end of his days—suspicious of change, passionately devoted to precedent, contemptuous of new-fangled ideas and of novelties in arts, science, and letters. Politically he called himself a Liberal, accepting Mr. Gladstone as his captain but not as his teacher. But this Liberalism differed entirely from the Radicalism of the present day, save in so far as it was essentially reactionary. The Turk had only been "encamped" in Europe for four centuries, therefore he was an interloper, and must be turned out bag and baggage; an Emperor of Austria was an outrage on historical propriety; and so on!

Two inscribed stones, of which one only is perfect, have (it appears from a communication to the *Academy* from Canon Raine) been recently found on the Mount, York. The first represents a mother with child, about 5ft. high. Below, in a panel which is broken off from the figures, is the following inscription:—

"D. M.
IVLIE: VBRICE. ANN. XXXI.
SEMPRONIE MARTINE M. VI.
SEMPRONIVS MARTINVS F.C."

Half of the other is gone, but on the remnant are the letters—

". . . CON
IVGI CARISSIMAE
F. C. O. S. T. T. L.

The inscription is in good and early letters, some of which are ligulate, and has been erected by a husband to his wife. There is no difficulty in reading it. The last letters express the pathetic wish, *O sit tibi terra levis!*"

On April 13th, according to the best authorities, the *Messiah* celebrated its 150th anniversary. It was given on that day in 1742 for the first time in public at the "Musick Hall" in Fishamble-street, Dublin. It may interest some to know that Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Avolio, and Mr. Dubourg were the chief singers on this occasion. The first performance of Handel's *Messiah* was for the benefit of prisoners for debt in the several prisons in Dublin. The proceeds amounted to about £400. It is the custom of all reverent audiences to stand when the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the *Messiah* is sung. This has been absurdly said to arise from a mere accidental expression of excitement. When George II. was present at the first London performance, at Covent Garden, of the famous oratorio he became so excited by the "Hallelujah Chorus" that he rose to his feet, and thus inaugurated the custom.

Musical naturalists seem curiously unable to agree as to the quality of the cuckoo's song. White, of Selborne, long ago observed that different individuals sang in different keys—some in D, some in D sharp, others in C. But there is dispute as to the interval at various periods between the two notes. A recent writer states that they are at first F sharp and D, then F natural and D, and finally E and D, and the intervals, therefore, first a major, then a minor third. On the other hand, it is stated in a note to Bell's edition of White's book that the cuckoo begins with a *minor* third, and passes successively to a major third, a fourth, a fifth, until its voice breaks.

A fine west window has been put up at St. James's, West Hampstead. The window represents the nine orders of angels. The ninth order—viz., the ministering angels, are represented by eight subjects, four selected from the Old Testament and four from the New Testament. The window consists of four lancet-lights, surmounted by three smaller ones, containing representations of our Lord in glory, with two censing angels. The whole has been splendidly designed and executed by Mr. C. E. Kempe, of Nottingham-place, for Madame Roper, who has erected it in memory of her late husband at a cost of £560.

The cracks in the great Holbein at the National Gallery, about which no little stir was made a few weeks ago, arose, it appears, from the dryness of the air in the room where it was at first hung. It is odd that any dryness should contract wood some centuries old. It would seem as if, in the restoration, it had been subjected to an improper amount of moisture, which the old wood would readily absorb; and that then it was exposed too quickly to a much higher and drier temperature. The picture is again on view.

It is somewhat of a relief to compare with the sickening eulogies of Whitman printed in this country the candid and just observations of the New York *Independent*:—"He wrote the noisiest, noisomest stuff ever called poetry, in lines beginning with a capital letter, whose elusive dactyllic suggestion had a habit of dribbling out into utter prose. The characteristic of Walt Whitman's style is the big and the braggart. His poems are the long-winded replication of Emerson's egoistic pantheism."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSTIC RULES.

A Prize of One Guinea is given every month for the successful solution of the Acrostics appearing in the *John Bull*.

The present monthly competition will include the Acrostics that are given on April 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30.

At the end of the month, in case competitors tie, they will proceed to guess off the ties, being debarred from prize-winning in the fresh monthly competition so long as they are engaged in contesting the ties.

No competitor can gain more than two Monthly Prizes in the course of the year.

All solutions must be forwarded not later than the Monday week following the appearance of the Acrostic addressed to the Acrostic Editor of the *John Bull*, 6, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, E.C., and signed by a pseudonym of not inordinate length.

Alternatives to the number of three are allowed.

All solutions received are acknowledged, whether correct or not.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.

(April, 1892.)

1. C	HOLER	A
2. R	EE	L
3. O	I	L
4. C	HIANT	I
5. O	BLON	G
6. D	IAN	A
7. I	NSTINC	T
8. L	EPANT	O
9. E	RRO	R

Solutions have been received from Dunston, E.A.F., Chameleon, Garbir, Robin, Elle, Boozlewax, Beam, Erica, The Griffin, Remlaw, E.V.P., and Noryb.

The solutions to Acrostic No. 1 for April were inadvertently included in the March List. The following is the

CORRECTED LIST FOR MARCH.

1. Edith, Exonienses, The Owl, Etak, Two Countesses, Eleuthera, Lee, Noryb, and Maid Marion.

2. Chameleon and Erica.

3. Doobeg, Dunston, Elle, Boozlewax, E.A.F. The Griffin, E.V.P., and Robin.

4. Iden, Grasmere, White Hat, Ancient Briton, Garbir, M.A.E.B., Remlaw, Molly, Sociable, Chelmsford, and Hadji, who tied for the March prize, and remained competing.

March Ties.—Acrostic No. 1.—Correct solutions were received from Iden, Grasmere, Ancient Briton, M.A.E.B., Molly, Sociable, Chelmsford, and Hadji, who remained competing. Garbir, Remlaw, and White Hat fell out of the competition.
Light 2.—Orosei was accepted as an alternative.

March Ties.—Acrostic No. 2.—Correct solutions have been received from Molly, Sociable, Chelmsford, and Hadji, who remain competing. Grasmere, M.A.E.B., Ancient Briton, and Iden fall out of the competition.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 4.

(April, 1892.)

Proem.

Not much music and little sense.
Yet thousands fill with delight intense.

1.
Famed for his wealth in olden days.

2.
Dear to the lovers of sacred song.

3.
The world still stoops to his worship and praise

4.
Of spending time most usual of ways.

5.
French, but to us once used to belong.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON, APRIL 23.

The *Dublin Express* gives the following list of thirty-three Unionist candidates from constituencies in Ulster, Dublin, and King's County. Preliminary arrangements for contesting the seats now held by Nationalists have been made in forty-two other divisions.

Antrim (North), C. Connor; Antrim (Mid), Hon. R. T. O'Neill, M.P.; Antrim (East), Captain J. M'Calmont, M.P.; Antrim (South), W. E. Macartney, M.P.

Armagh (North), Colonel Saunderson, M.P.; Armagh (Mid), Dunbar P. Barton, Q.C., M.P.; Armagh (South), C. Litton Falkiner.

Belfast (East), G. W. Wolff, M.P.; Belfast (South), William Johnston, M.P.; Belfast (West), Arnold Forster; Belfast (North), Sir Edward Harland, M.P.

Donegal (East), Emerson Tennant Herdman, D.L.; Donegal (North), D. B. M'Corkell; Donegal (South), H. W. Stubbs.

Down (North), Colonel Waring, M.P.; Down (West), Lord Arthur Hill, M.P.,; Down (East), Dr. Rentoul, M.P.; Down (South), J. Walker Craig, Q.C.

Dublin City (St. Stephen's-green), William Kenny, Q.C.; Dublin (College-green), Sir Henry Cochrane, D.L.

Dublin County (South), Hon. Horace Plunkett.

Fermanagh, (North), R. H. Dane; Fermanagh (South), Arthur Patton.

King's County (Birr.), W. T. Trench.

Derry City, John Ross, Q.C.

Derry County (North), H. L. Mulholland, M.P.; Derry County (South), Thomas Lea, M.P.

Monaghan (North), H. W. Jackson.

Newry, Henry Thompson, D.L.

Tyrone (South), T. W. Russell, M.P.; Tyrone (East), T. Corbett; Tyrone (North), Lord Frederick Hamilton; Tyrone (Mid), Dr. Thompson.

It is not open to doubt that the improvements effected in the *status* and position of the Volunteers have been carried out entirely by the Conservative party in the teeth of keen Radical hostility. In March, 1886, when Mr. Gladstone was in office, Colonel H. Vincent moved, "That for the maintenance, efficiency, and development of the Volunteer Force an immediate increase in the capitation grant was urgently and absolutely necessary." Mr. Gladstone vehemently denounced the motion, and it was defeated by a majority of 21 in a full House. In 1887, when the Conservative party were in office, Mr. Stanhope recommended and Parliament increased the capitation grant by 5s. a man and several allowances—an aggregate addition to the grant of £160,000 a year. On March, 14, 1890, Sir E. Hamley, a Conservative, moved and carried a resolution in the House, "That all deficiencies in the equipment of the volunteers necessary to efficiency, and all debts properly incurred on account thereof, should be made good from the public revenue. The Chancellor of the Exchequer provided £150,000 in his Budget speech to meet the expenses of this resolution as to equipment. It is worth recalling how Mr. Stanhope met this new obligation. He issued to all infantry volunteers outside the metropolitan district (provided for by Sir J. Whitehead's fund) the necessary equipment, or, if that had been done by voluntary effort, its estimated value—viz., 12s. a man. As regarded all future equipment, other than clothing, the Government decided to bear the initial cost. The settlement of the great-coat question ought to have been remembered during the past week by all volunteers engaged in the manœuvres. To all corps not possessing great-coats in 1890 these garments were issued, the 2s. grant being deducted till their value was repaid. Besides these boons the Secretary of State for War gave the force, under the control of their own officers, a brigade organisation, which they had been without for thirty years. In addition to that, a complete system of organisation and centralisation for the defence of the country had been carefully worked out. Tactical positions had been marked out all over the country; sites had been acquired, provision had been made for making trenches and throwing up earthworks, and arrangements completed for the concentration of supplies at these tactical positions, so that at a moment's notice every brigade would know where to march and what to do.

Miss L. N. Badenoch, writing in the *Asiatic Quarterly*, dwells on the growing importance of the Hawaiian kingdom. The Sandwich Islands, which compose the Hawaiian kingdom, lie perfectly isolated in mid-Pacific Ocean. They are almost equidistant from China and Japan on the one hand, from California and Mexico on the other; and they are the most northerly, as they are the only important, island cluster of the Polynesian Archipelago. They are thirteen in number, eight being of considerable size and the rest but insignificant islets, namely—Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kawai, Molokai, Lanai, Nuhau, and Kahoolawe. All are inhabited, except Kahoolawe, which was abandoned a few years ago. To reach Hawaii nowadays is (says Miss Badenoch) no very difficult task, since it lies on the direct line of route taken by the splendid steamers of the most rapid mail service which exists between Australasia and London—"Having crossed the Atlantic and found our way to San Francisco, we re-embark there in one of the steamships of the Oceanic or Union Company, and after a run of 2,100 miles arrive in a week's time at Honolulu, on Oahu, the capital of the islands. The traveller from Australia ships at Sydney or Auckland, as the case may be. From the first, Honolulu is distant 5,181 miles, a voyage of little more than a fortnight; Auckland being nearer by 1,281 miles, the time between ports is from four to five days shorter. The advantages enjoyed by these islands as regards position must be plainly evident. Were they nothing but a set of barren rocks they would still assume an importance, lying as they do in the very pathway of trade between the United States and Australasia and the great empires of China and Japan. The completion of the Canadian trans-continental railway has revealed to them a fresh vista of prosperity. Were the Isthmus of Panama opened up, or, better again, the Nicaragua Canal, and were the proposed American cable, or a British one, to the colonies laid, which is to touch at Honolulu, there can be no doubt they would increase the opportunities and inestimable value of Hawaii to the trading nations at large. When, in addition to this, to say that for exceeding beauty and grandeur of scenery, for fertility of soil and salubrity and equability of climate, it is a very Paradise upon earth, is but to state the simple truth, it will be seen that the possibilities in the future of this little kingdom are almost illimitable. . . . I say nothing of its situation from the strategic point of view, though this points it out as the future Gibraltar of the Pacific.

"Honolulu is a quaint charming little spot. Being the capital of the kingdom, it is at once the seat of Government, headquarters of all trade and traffic, and the principal place of residence of the Sovereign. Two long streets lead inland from the wharf, and in these are the shops and stores. Honolulu is lighted with electricity—the only public illuminating power—and numerous telephones are in general use. Tramcars run through the streets, and railways out into the country. The stores are kept by people of all nationalities, but chiefly by Americans, English, and Chinamen. In appearance, they lean to native tastes; but the natives themselves have not much aptitude for mercantile affairs, and, indeed, the majority exhibit a profound indifference to the splendid science of money-making generally. Riches excite in them no craving, and thus gain is no incentive to toil."

In an interview with Mr. F. C. Burnand in the *Strand Magazine* the writer tells that in Mr. Burnand's study is a little wooden stage on which he works out all his situations when play-writing. It is a model of the stage of the old Royalty, and Mr. Burnand uses figures for his characters, just as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and, in the old "New Royalty" days, Patty Oliver would often have these wooden characters dressed up in diminutive silks and satins. When at Eton Mr. Burnand lived in the house of the Rev. Gifford Cooksley, of whom he cherishes kindly recollections:—"He (Mr. Cooksley) was a very funny fellow. He was wonderfully kind-hearted—so kind-hearted, indeed, that if he had a fellow birched he would not see him for a couple of days afterwards. Cooksley was very fond of theatricals. He often took a party of us—some seven or eight—to the old Windsor theatre. He paid all expenses—seats in the dress circle, and a supper afterwards. After the performance we would go on the stage and chat with the actors. If there were any children playing he always had 6d. for them. Well, I wrote a play called *Guy Fawkes' Day*, and it was produced in Gifford Cooksley's own room." Mr. Burnand practised for a time at the Bar, but not, as he says, with success, and this is why he gave it up:—"I made a fearful hash of a case of forgery in which the wife was committed with her husband. I had to defend the wife, Besley was for the prosecution. It will show you how much I knew about the ways of the court when I tell you that I actually asked Besley what to do. He wrote back on a slip of paper, 'Just get up and say, "Coercion by husband."' I did. Russell Gurney, the Recorder, at once discharged her. The ungrateful woman was so cross at being separated from her husband that she took off her boot and threw it at me. With the throwing of the boot I threw up the Bar." The connection of Mr. Burnand with *Punch* commenced when he was at college, and to-day he sits in the identical chair once occupied by Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Tom Taylor:—"It is an old-fashioned wooden armchair. Every Wednesday night the famous *Punch* dinner is held. About fourteen sit down at the ancient table, on which are cut the names of everybody—cut with their own hands—who have been privileged to find a seat there. One visitor invariably creeps into the editor's room—the *Punch* cat. It is the biggest cat in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, and when Mr. Burnand is working it always perches on his chair. 'How does one become a humourist?' Mr. Bernand was asked. 'Oh!' was the reply, 'it comes from having a serious turn of mind and not yielding to it.'"

The *Quarterly Review* has an interesting article on "London, in the Past." The text for the article is Mr. Wheatley's comprehensive work on London. After giving some curious information on the earliest history of the town, the reviewer comes to London in Norman times:—"Nothing can be more important, we now think, than proper sanitation, and here there is an interesting comparison for us with our predecessors. Norman London, which extended from the Tower to the hill above the Fleet, and from the Thames to Moorgate, had a population of some 30,000 souls. It was about as large as Scarborough or Maidstone, and although surrounded by a wall, the area was by no means fully occupied by buildings. Most of the ways were not what we call streets, but only paths and passages. The houses were exaggerated hovels, with no proper flooring on the ground, with rude and undulating upper floors of ill-cut and ill-fitting boards, and without double ceilings. The ground-floor rooms had rushes laid upon the earth, and they were filthy, nurseries and beds of plague; seats were a rarity, and people wallowed on the floor. The outer ways were quagmires, rivulets, or torrents, as the weather and the season changed. Throughout the Middle Ages drainage was entirely superficial; there was not in London any work analogous to the *Cloaca Maxima* at Rome. The water from the roofs, and much besides, was shot into the centre of the roadway, where there might be something like a gutter. Houses were all huddled close together, as for mutual support, each storey overhanging, so that little sky was visible; and rooms were dark, and consequently dirty. Still the occupants in this respect had nothing to complain of in the rooms, as they hardly washed themselves. There were no baths or lavatories; and the personal condition even of the highest classes must have been too frequently revolting. If we compare the multiplied deficiencies of English families a century ago with the appliances for cleanliness in houses at the present time, and then protract the contrast backwards into history, a

general state of personal and domestic foulness would seem probable at a comparatively recent period.

"The London population, notwithstanding plagues and Black Deaths, very gradually grew, or rather on the whole maintained its numbers; though, of course, the place became more pestilential, and the people in their economic way became more pious. They found life so short—so many of them were cut off by plague and war in middle life or earlier—that the development of orders, regular and secular, who would for money paid give hopes of future safety, rapidly increased; and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries London became remarkably well furnished with religious houses, which absorbed a very large proportion of the territory, wealth, and population of town of little more than 30,000 souls. The fear of death is given to men in full vitality in order to preserve the race. When death approaches at maturity there is less fear. But for the young and middle-aged to be always looking death in the face, with orthodox assurance of a horrid state of future punishment, would be beyond the natural endurence of the human nerves. So, being always in death's shadow, and yet having to maintain the State, they prayed by agency; thus striving in their own commercial way to make the best of both worlds; and a vicarious Christianity became apparently a public need. Chantries abounded, and the prayers of priests for these extremely dirty sinners were continually multiplied. The people would not wash and be clean. No doubt they were abominably ignorant of what they ought to know, like their successors of more recent days; but then they had at least a shadow of excuse. Imagine a whole city, and by far the largest in the island, thus continually suffering execution—not for a single day, as in battle, nor for a brief season, as in a modern epidemic; but for centuries, with occasional grim variations in the scale or mode of slaughter—and it will be understood how different they would become in sentiment and apprehension from our Londoners in modern times. Our recent influenza has made many serious who were never serious before; but even with this grievous sickness we are out of all comparison more healthy and long-lived than our forefathers in the Middle Ages ever were. When mankind persistently go wrong it is a way of Providence at length to set them right by natural means involving due and natural punishment. Thus London, as the people would not work to make it clean, could be completely cleansed by fire alone; and providentially, in 1666, the Great Fire came, and burned up the bacilli of disease. This gave the new supply of water a fair chance. The old wells and springs were poisoned; but in 1620 the New River had been opened, and fresh water had been brought into the houses. So that by fire and water London became purified; and it never afterwards went back to its historical extremely foul condition."

An important feature of Old London life was the river:—"The local intercourse of those inhabitants of London who could afford an equipage was carried on by means of boats and barges. Even the Globe Theatre was placed south of the Thames as the convenient highway for multitudes of people; and probably in Shakespeare's times there were more boats in London than there are now on all the tidal River Thames. The river was the Regent-street, Hyde-park, and Piccadilly of the period; the fashionable 'course' or 'ride.' The fashion was not wholly discontinued even in our somewhat recent times. The City Companies and Corporation used to own great barges on the river; and King William IV. once went by barge in grand procession from Whitehall to Greenwich. Still more recently, the Lord Mayor's show has been, one half of it, aquatic; but the improvement of the local thoroughfares by land, and the deficiency of watermen upon the river, with the want of public interest in the London Thames, have put an end to this once favourite pageant on the river. . . . The change in fashion was not only in abandoning the river, but also has been shown queerly in the different estimation in which certain portions of the town have been held at different times. Thus it is not so long since Parklane was considered quite out of the way of everything. Edmund Burke remonstrated with the Marquis of Rockingham for going to reside so far away as Grosvenor-square; just as, still later on, the servants of Lord Littleton, when he was about to move from Portman-square, gave warning. 'They would not,' they declared, 'go with him to such an unheard of part of the world as Grosvenor place.' . . . And how the appearance of things has changed! There is not much of the country about Bloomsbury now; but it was different when Bedford House was built. When it is considered how compactly built was London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a house occupying the whole of the north side of Bloomsbury-square, with gardens extending over the southern half of Russell-square, must have had a most impressive and palatial appearance. The view was open to the north as far as Hampstead, and within that distance there was very little building. When the house was built it was, in fact, hardly suburban. Tottenham-court-road and Holborn were like country roads; there was so little population on their borders or beyond them, and no other road from east to west occurred until the crest of Highgate-hill, four miles away."

Few of the magazine articles this month are more readable than Mr. F. T. Piggott's paper in the *Fortnightly* on "Japanese Customs." The writer says that the influence of Japan has made itself felt in the last quarter of a century throughout our Western civilisation. As time goes on, so potent is it, that it will reach the deep waters of our existence. In the world of art the admiration was spontaneous. But one is apt to think that Japanese influence has spent its force. We do not as yet comprehend that in Japan we are in the presence of a perfect and complex civilisation. We are interested in the progress of the nation towards what we call civilisation; but we ignore the existence of a law of gravity which governs national intercourse. By this law of mutual attraction Japan will influence Europe as surely as Europe is influencing Japan. In Japan the repose of a civilisation, perfect in its conception and logical in its carrying-out, is everywhere visible throughout the land; and it is impossible for us to come in contact with it without receiving very marked influence from it. Sir Edwin Arnold, publicly recording the first impressions of his visit, said, "I feel that the impression will be enduring when I say that Japan astonishes, absorbs, delights, fascinates, and wholly contents me." This was not the exuberance of post-prandial oratory; it was absolutely true, not of himself alone, but of everybody. The more we see and know of Japanese civilisation, the less we are able to deny that its methods, in a great number of points, are wholly satisfactory and contenting.

The pictorial art of Japan has long since ceased to be merely curious, and though it has limits, the decorative and ornamental art of Japan has none. Of that other branch of decorative art which concerns itself with the setting-off of beautiful things in a beautiful way, a week in Japan is enough to teach the veriest Philistine that it is a subject of which we Westerns know next to nothing. The fancies and follies of our "high art culture" are only the germs, the barest rudiments of an exact science which the Japanese have created, and which is so widely diffused among the people that the coolie who draws you through the street is a past-master in it. This art, which is the embodiment of all that is graceful in the national character, derives not a little of its charm from its power to weave into its purposes everything in nature which has a line of beauty. A beautifully-ordered garden, a house whose claim to admiration lies only in its severe simplicity, relieved perhaps by a single spot of vivid colours, by flowers in a costly vase, and by an occasional suggestion of a hidden and neglected magnificence as the sunlight catches the mellowed gold of a screen, are these all? Surely the eye must weary in the end of these things. But the Japanese know better than we do what is wearisome to the eye and what is restful. We have decided in favour of a heterogeneous accumulation of things, wherein the beauties of shape and texture are lost, where the colours annihilate one another. The Japanese idea is the very reverse of this. If you would wonder at his purchasing power, he may by chance open for you the doors of his go-downs, where you may count wooden boxes by the score; but his analysis of pleasure has led him to the conclusion that by emphasis alone can we arrive at the due appreciation of beauty in form and colour, and of the skill and craft to which texture of surfaces, minuteness of manipulation, and fineness of weaving bear witness. The treasures of the go-down are not forgotten; they wait their turn to be set out and then receive their due meed of praise from honoured guests.

A very little intercourse with the Japanese reveals one essential feature of civilisation, the existence of a system of social rules. The system is found to include almost every conceivable subject, and to be worked out with an astonishing precision and minuteness; and, what is most remarkable, an universal acquaintance with, and obedience to it are observable on all sides. The standard of polished social intercourse has been raised among the Japanese to so high a pitch that we are disposed to scoff at it, regarding it more as an eccentricity, charming for the moment, than as evidence of the existence of a highly cultured civilisation. It has been left to the Japanese to elaborate and practice the exact science of the proprieties of life. A trival example will explain this. In an English drawing-room it is quite common for ladies to make excuses for not giving "a little music" when asked. In Japan, if you can play the *koto* and do not when you are asked, you are guilty of great rudeness towards your host, and no Japanese (except a young official) likes to be thought, much less to be, rude. The rule for *koto*-players is that they must always be ready "to oblige," and therefore they are taught their little plaintive melodies by heart, with much painful endurance on the part of the teacher and the taught.

Yet another triviality. In the *Ladies' Treasury of Knowledge* a very precise rule is given for the way in which Japanese ladies should eat bean cakes: gentle pressure with the fingers on either side so that the contents of the cake should go into the mouth and not stay by the way on cheek or chin. How many people would deal successfully with a cream-cake at an English picnic, when spoons and forks were scarce? It is true that we have determined that peas are not to be eaten with a knife, but are we yet quite agreed on the subject of asparagus? The whole etiquette of eating is regulated in Japan in a manner which is almost alarming in its exactness. Then there is the complicated science of flower arrangements, and elaborate ceremonies connected with them. The strict injunctions which are laid on one who comes to view a floral composition; the tabulated terms of admiration which he is to use; the duties laid on the host when a guest is invited to arrange some flowers; the correlative duties laid on the guest when the vase is a costly one, or the flowers are few or not all that could be desired, and that special one about leaving the scissors near the flower arrangement as a silent and modest request for faults to be corrected—all these elaborate ceremonials are unintelligible to us, and seem to be the refinement of a finikin courtesy. But they are typical of a hundred other household ceremonies, and are worth a little examination. Some of the details are obviously devised for the purpose of ensuring the flowers being seen at their best, so that both guest and host may receive the greatest pleasure from them. These are but an application of the principles of the larger science of beautiful arrangement. Other regulations again are made so that everything may be done decently and in order, that there may be no fuss or hurry, and that the pure enjoyment of the flowers may not be marred by the want of something necessary at the proper moment. Others again are intended to prevent giving offence to susceptible people. The Japanese have a soft spot in their nature which enables them to derive infinite enjoyment from the contemplation of flowers. They have studied the laws of beauty through and through, and in exemplifying them have elevated the arrangement of flowers into a fine art. After all, there is nothing very extraordinary about the politeness which is ordained as suitable to the pleasant ceremony. There is, all the world over, a deference due to one who is in the high degree of host

There is in these regulated observances of the Japanese, something worth more than a passing smile.

There is, of course, another side to all this regulated politeness. In the presence of this great cloud of rules, which bear witness to the culture of Japan, we are tempted to ask: "Where does true feeling begin: is it not crushed out altogether by the burden of this studied civility?" To a certain extent it must be; and the Japanese would be the first to admit that it is possible to carry rules too far. To begin a visit to a near relative with stereotyped phrases; to receive with the approved formalities stereotyped answers; to rejoin, to sur-rejoin; to rebut politeness with politeness, and after all, perhaps, to leave the business in hand to the next interview, is gradually being recognised as a hindrance to genial intercourse. But these rules must have sprung from somewhere; they cannot be a spontaneous growth from barbarism. They are crystallised from the behaviour of olden times, and they are evidences of the original politeness and grace of the national character, and not of the reverse. They are the product of the national love of precision, and perhaps have been over-elaborated. We are not altogther the best judges of this. Those who have an intimate knowledge of the people say that the old grace of character does in fact still remain, and really lies at the bottom of the willing obedience to these formal rules of conduct.

The laws of beautiful arrangement have been carried out even to greater perfection in the garden. At first sight their gardens appear to us fastidious to a degree. But a better acquaintance with them reveals delicacies of beauty and suggestion which appeal, though quite unconsciously, to us. They appeal to us because of that secret of presenting perfect rest to the eye, so that they never weary but grow in delight every time we gaze upon them. What is so wonderful about it is that, with such care have the rules been elaborated, that even the coolie can and does convert the square yards of his "back-garden" into a thing of beauty no less than the *daimio* his square acres. We find rules laid down with the same precision as before, showing how the great result can be arrived at; rules as to the use of blank spaces and suggestions of mountains; as to the use of water, and the use of stones. Quaint names occur. For instance, those for islands—the Elysian isle, the windswept isle, the master's, and the guest's: and those for stones—the mountain-summit stone, the way-side stone, the angling and the torrent-breaking, the clear-moon and the mist-enveloped, the cave and the propitious cloud. So it is with the lanterns, and with the trees and flowers; and so it is with the stone water-basins, and the bridges, and the stepping-stones; with the walls, the fences, and the hedges.

The elaborate minuteness of these rules is clear evidence of the nervous finish to which the Japanese have brought their civilisation. This over-elaboration, as it seems to us, is observable in everything they do. The extraordinary perfection of their lacquer work, the marvellous minuteness of their metal work, in both of which the magnifying glass may detect beauties which the eye cannot see, are referable to the same cause. We may also trace its influence in the order of their houses, in which the rule of "a place for everything and everything in its place" holds absolute dominion. It is precisely the same cause which has made them masters of that science, of beautiful arrangement, which is the chief characteristic of their decorative art. No detail is too minute to be considered, no trouble too great to achieve the end in view, namely, the perfect rest of the eye when it seeks pleasure in beauty. To mention one small thing among many, this "over-elaboration" has led to that superfluity of wrappings which seems so curious to us. A beautiful silk wrapper is used for a beautiful box, and then a box for the beautiful silk, and then another wrapper for that box, and a box for that wrapper, and then the ante-penultimate box, and the penultimate wrapper, and the ultimate box, and the outside wrapper for it all, each in descending order of magnificence.

There is a sort of invertible quality in the Japanese which comes into marked prominence when they have anything to do with Europeans; the quality which makes them, for example, train their horses to gallop uphill, and impels the coolie invariably to select of two roads the wrong one. If there is a straight road and a crooked one in front of him, one which clearly leads somewhere, and one which apparently leads nowhere, the coolie does not take the crooked one or the one which leads nowhere simply out of the sheer perversity of his mind, but because in his dealings with foreigners he has come to realise that they always do things topsy-turvily. They insist, for instance, on walking up hills to ease the *jinrikisher*-man of his burden, which no Japanese would ever think of doing, much less two Japanese riding in the same *jinrikisha*. So the coolie sees at once that foreigners are curiously constituted; that they do and require curious things; and he cannot bring himself to believe that they would wish to do so simple a thing as travel along the straight road. Many strange daily occurrances are therefore attributable to the fact that both my coolie and myself have made the same observation with regard to each other, namely, that our actions are influenced by one principle alone, that of topsy-turvyness. But the "to-day" of Japan contains a problem of greater moment to her than the business of proving the excellence of her past. She is up to her old tricks, and she is borrowing from the West as she borrowed ages ago from China and Corea. The question is, What will she do with her loan? Will the old graciousness of the past die utterly away? There are some Japanese, very young blood indeed, who earnestly desire it. With what we lend her, will she make anything at all worthy to be preserved? There is many a young Japanese who will tell you, though he wears broadcloth and a white neck-tie, that in a few years the foreign craze will pass away and the result will be nothing.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has been visiting the famous Hellenic shrines—one ancient, one modern—Delphi and Megaspelion, writes:—"Such of your readers as may have followed the cruise of the yacht *Olive* from Corfu to Zante and the land trip from Patras to Athens will not be surprised to learn that by the time we had rejoined our little vessel in the Gulf of Corinth three weeks out of the four allotted to the expedition had already expired. Delphi is on the north side of the Gulf of Corinth, the centre of the Hellenic religion in old times; Megaspelion on the south side, one of the best known monastic institutions of the Levant, and an early rallying point of modern Greek independence. Strangely enough, there is a remarkable physical resemblance between these two sites chosen as headquarters of Paganism and Christianity. Milton was well inspired when he spoke of the Delphian *steep*. Mr. Sandys, the Public Orator of Cambridge, who lately visited Greece, and gives a charming account of his visit to Delphi, tells us that from the various descriptions he had read he had no idea of the depth of the valley of the Pleistus which runs below the sacred site. It is, indeed, about the most perpendicular piece of scenery possible. The old temple of Apollo stood at the base of a precipice of magnesian limestone 500 or 600ft. high, and quite insurmountable except by a long detour of laborious zigzags. The village of Castri, which occupies the site of the temple, and is now about to be bodily removed so as to make way for the French explorers, stands upon about as severe an incline as ever houses stood upon. It is a supremely filthy place. Its houses are perched in no order one above the other, separated by the foulest and most precipitous of lanes, and it commands a glorious prospect. Fortunately, the house of the Phylax, as he is called, who receives strangers, is a little removed from the worst of the village, and there is nothing between his balcony and the opposite side of the valley, between which and the reposing traveller there yawns the deep abyss of the ravine of the Pleistus, now dry, but sometimes a tremendous torrent, amply justifying its name. Mr. Sandys walked up to Delphi from the sea (and a very gallant walk it was) and down again the same day in order to catch his steamer on the Gulf of Salona. We, more fortunate in having our boat anchored below, were able to spend the night under the care of the Phylax and descend next day at our leisure.

". . . . Favoured with the company of some friends to whom we had letters of introduction in Vostitza, we started off on ponies in the early morning, crossed the currant-covered plain that, along this southern coast of the Gulf, lies between the mountains and the sea, and thought that surely no more lovely scene had ever been created by the combined energies of man and nature. After an hour or two's ride through this paradise of currants we turned southward up a picturesque valley, and, crossing several lofty ridges, one of which, owing to its peculiar difficulties and the state of mind which they create in the traveller, rejoices in the name of 'Anathema,' we at last, after several hours' riding, came in sight of the Monastery, situated, like Apollo's Temple, at the foot of a precipice of rock and at the summit of a steep slope. Up this the traveller or pilgrim toils by zigzag-paths, every available terrace of soil being utilised as the garden of one of the 180 monks who inhabit the Monastery. We were welcomed by the Prior to such accommodation as the place affords, and had the company at supper of the hospitable Sub-Prior, Callistratus Papageorgio, who could, however, eat nothing himself except lentil soup and fruit. The Sub-Prior became quite eloquent on the subject of the expansion of Greece. We all look, he said, to England as our champion. Greece is now so big (holding his hands near together), you must make it so big (expanding his arms so that the whole fur lining of his opened robe displayed itself under his long grey beard). My impression is that before the evening was over we were distinctly pledged to extend the Greek frontier by the addition of—1. Jannina and the frontier provided by the Berlin Treaty; 2. Salonica; 3. Macedonia; 4. Candia; 5. (but this at some remote future time) Constantinople. These points Papageorgio went over more than once on the fingers of both his hands, and if the conversation flagged he invariably cheered us up by proposing to drink the health of Kyrios Gladstone, for whom he has a profound admiration. He told us that he looks upon Mr. G. as a comet among the stars of heaven, but, he took pains to add, *not an ordinary comet*.

"Notwithstanding the geniality of the Sub-Prior I cannot say that I liked what I saw or heard of the wealthy monasteries of Greece. . . . There is no literary culture or refinement among the monks of Megaspelion. They are not even good builders, their convent being a great cavern in the rock faced with poorly-built walls of undressed stone or whitewashed wood, and roofed in the most slovenly manner. Their library is little more than a closet filled with religious books, which I suspect not one of them reads. Probably their greatest achievement in the course of civilisation was their fight with Ibrahim Pasha's Egyptian troops in 1827, and with all their shortcomings they have always been good nationalists. When assembled round the great gate of the monastery they form a picturesque and most mediæval group, with their funnel-shaped hats, fox-lined cloaks, and long and spreading beards."

A Red Indian dance is described in a paper called "A Drive through the Black Hills," by Antoinette Ogden, in the current number of the *Atlantic Magazine*. She writes:—"The Omaha House, in which the dance is to be celebrated, is an octagonal loghouse, some 50ft. in diameter. It is situated about five miles from the Agency. We start after moonrise. The night is clear and white, the air deliciously cool without being sharp. As we draw near we find the building surrounded by a large crowd of women, many of whom are draped in white sheets which cover their heads and are drawn up over their mouths with a decidedly Oriental effect. From within one sees an unbroken line of eager black eyes along the open space between the logs. In the centre of the house is a roaring log fire, which finds a glimmering reflection in all these eyes. The orchestral instruments consists of a large drum suspended from sticks that are driven in the ground so as to ensure the greatest possible amount of vibration. The dancers are brilliantly painted in reds, yellows, and blacks, the yellows being singularly effective. Their heads are bristling

with eagle feathers, variously tinted. Their ears are pierced all along the rim with as many as ten or twelve holes, from each of which hangs a silver ring and a pendant. Anything in the way of a long beaded tab, or a war bonnet with great streamers of eagle feathers, is attached at the back of the waist—a reminiscence of the grasses of the Lower Missouri, no doubt—and trails on the ground, emphasising those movements of the dance which are entirely from the hips. At their knees and their ankles are strings of sleigh-bells, which form something of a self-acting tambourine accompaniment.

"We are the only guests admitted into the house. As soon as we have taken our places one of the musicians thumps the drum; then all twelve start in unison, with a wild yelp, on a high note in a minor key. The rhythm is marked by the most vigorous thumping, and the dancers spring to their feet. My attention is particularly attracted to a very old Indian, the most conspicuously bedecked and by no means the least spirited of the dancers. His dancing consists chiefly of a prancing *sur la place*, like a racehorse before the signal for starting is given. He is tall and gaunt, with a face like the antique mask of tragedy, painted a deep red. His lips move in an incessant muttering, and when he breaks into a yelp his expression is singularly savage. The interpreter tells me that he is Iron Hawk, and that he played an important part in the Custer massacre. The Indians, usually reticent, it seems, in their reference to that event, have frequently spoken of his splendid 'boast' made on the battle-field strewn with the unfortunates of the seventh. He could be heard, they say, within a radius of a mile as he walked about among the dead and recounted his experiences of the day. . . . From a reclining group a figure rises suddenly and begins to pace the length of the building, turning on his heel with the swaying movements of a lion in a cage. After the first turn or two he begins his soliloquy, punctuated by light taps of the drum. The tones of this Sioux language are wonderfully impressive. It has the full vowel sounds of the old Spanish, all the strength of its gutturals, and much of the pompous grandeur of its inflections. This particular 'boast' must refer to great achievements, if we are to judge by the grunts of both musicians and dancers and the twinkling along the line of black eyes peeping in between the logs. The soliloquy finished, the music begins with redoubled violence. The dance now takes the form of a pantomime—something that seems to indicate adoration, ecstasy, which would do well as an expression of sun or fire worship."

One of the greatest calamities which can befall a Hindoo is, says the correspondent of an Indian journal, when he accidentally kills a cow. Such a misfortune has befallen a man of the Ahir or cowherd caste. It appears that he was carrying a young calf on his shoulders, which, having fallen down, broke its neck and died. The Brahmans declared him to be a *dokhi*, and sentenced him to the severest form of Hindoo excommunication called *katia* for six months. They further told the Ahir that he could not have committed a greater sin, but, taking into consideration that he is an uneducated man, they have dealt very leniently with him. During the period of excommunication the Ahir was ordered to lead a life of mendicancy, and with a rope round his neck and a portion of the calf's tail on his shoulders, he was to perform pilgrimages to different Hindoo shrines. The members of his family were forbidden to supply him with either shelter or food under a penalty of undergoing similar excommunication. The Ahir has returned to his village, but, until the purification ceremonies are over, he must live in a temporary glass-thatched house which has been erected for his residence. It now remains for a man of the Badmanus caste, which is one of the lowest and most degraded, to purify him. A barber, after shaving the delinquent and paring the nails of his hands and toes, will make over the hair and nails to the Badmanus, who will burn them and also set fire to the hut. After this, the Ahir, being covered with cowdung, will take a plunge into the River Sarju and come out purified. But his troubles are yet by no means at an end. After he has feasted fifty Brahmans and 100 of his brethren he will be re-admitted into caste-fellowship.

The *Horticultural Times* says:—"Those familiar with the growth of flowers know how essential light is to the creation of colour. The most gaudy blooms and the most brilliant foliage, if kept in the dark or overshaded, will become pale and almost white. This fact shows the presence in the plant of some chemical agent which is acted upon by the actinic rays. To some extent this chemistry of nature is understood by florists, who, by the use of chemical manures and other means, strive to take the greatest advantage of it. For instance, it is a common practice to mix alum and iron filings with the soil in which certain plants are grown in order to bring out special colours. The bluish-tinted hydrangea is the result of such treatment. Salts of iron, or sodium phosphate, added to the soil, turn the crimson of the peony to violet, and produce blue hortensias. According to Dr. Hansen, who has studied the subject very closely for many years, there are only three distinct pigments to be found in flowers—setting aside the chlorophyll, which forms the green colouring matter in all plants. These colours are yellows, reds, and blues. The yellows are mostly in combination with the plasmic sap, while the others exist chiefly in solution in the cell-sap. The yellow pigments form an insoluble compound with fatty matters, and is termed lipochrome. Orange is formed by a denser deposit of the yellow and the colour in the rind of an orange is identical with that found in many flowers. The red in flowers is a single pigment soluble in water, and decolorised by alcohol; but capable of being restored by the addition of acids. Lipochrome combined with this red pigment produces the scarlets and reds of poppies and the hips of hawthorns; but the varying intensity of reds in roses, carnations, peonies, and other flowers depends on the presence of a greater or lesser quantity of acids. The blue and violet colours are also decolorised by alcohol, but are reddened by acids. Florists have already succeeded in producing a very large scale of unsual colours in flowers, and there seem to be very good grounds for believing that it is possible so to manipulate nature that she will produce blossoms of every conceivable tint and hue."

In the new number of the *Dublin Review* are given some preliminary pages from the earlier of the two volumes of Mr. E. S. Purcell's forthcoming life of Cardinal Manning, entitled severally, *Henry Edward Manning in his Anglican Days* and *In his Catholic Days*, and these show that Mr. Purcell has enjoyed special facilities, which ought to make his book of special interest. The *Life* was written with the Cardinal's assistance in the years 1887-9. Mr. Purcell was requested by the Cardinal to defer publication until after his death. All his diaries and letters were given to Mr. Purcell to read, and the private diary which the then Archdeacon Manning kept at Rome during the Revolutionary year, 1848, was placed unreservedly in his biographer's hand. Some extracts from this are given in the *Review*. Mr. Purcell has secured much assistance from Mr. Gladstone. "You are only just in time," said Mr. Gladstone, "for Manning's contemporaries are dropping off one by one, and all the intimate knowledge I possess of his life in his Anglican days; of his character and influence; of the high opinion entertained of him by some of his greatest contemporaries had you not undertaken to write his *Life*, would have died with me unrecorded." Manning was in the habit of sending all his sermons to Mr. Gladstone, who took great interest in Manning's parish work. The population was small, but almost every parishioner was a communicant. On the very last occasion when Manning performed an act of worship in the Church of England, "I was kneeling (he told Mr. Purcell) by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion Service commenced, I said to him, 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up, and laying my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said: 'Come.' It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained; and I went my way. Mr. Gladstone still remains where I left him." "Intimate as I was with him," says Mr. Gladstone, "he never once alluded to his wife, excepting in a few lines announcing her death." And not once, it seems, even to his nearest and dearest relatives did he allude to his loss. At the time he would sit for hours day by day, Mr. Purcell tells us, at the grave of his wife, composing his sermons. And flowers from Lavington were constantly sent to him to the end of his days. But on one occasion "he told me (says Mr. Purcell) that he had received a letter from the vestry people announcing that the grave at Lavington was falling into decay, and asking for instructions about putting and keeping it in repair. My reply was: 'It is best so; let it be. Time effaces all things.'"

An authorised edition of Mr. Ruskin's works is being produced in America, each volume including a preface by Professor Norton, an old friend of Mr. Ruskin, from whom he has received many letters, some of which are printed by the Professor. Amongst a number of these letters which the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has been permitted to reproduce is a very amusing one from Venice, written in May, 1859, in which he says, "I had few associations with any building but those of more or less pain and puzzle and provocation;—Pain of frost-bitten finger and chilled throat as I examined or drew the window-sills in the wintry air; Puzzlement from said window-sills which didn't agree with the doorsteps, or back of house which wouldn't agree with front; and Provocation from every sort of soul or thing in Venice at once,—from my gondoliers, who were always wanting to go home, and thought it stupid to be tied to a post in the Grand Canal all day long, and disagreeable to have to row to Lido afterwards; from my cook, who was always trying to catch lobsters on the doorsteps, and never caught any; from the *valet-de-place*, who was always taking me to see nothing, and waiting by appointment at the wrong place; from my English servant, whom I caught smoking genteelly on St. Mark's Place, and expected to bring home to his mother quite an abandoned character; from my tame fish, who splashed the water all over my room and spoiled my drawings; from my little sea-horses, who wouldn't coil their tails about sticks when I asked them; from a fisherman outside my window who used to pound his crabs alive for bait every morning, just when I wanted to study morning light on the Madonna della Salute; from the sacristans of all the churches, who never used to be at home when I wanted them; from the bells of all the churches, which always used to ring most when I was at work in the steeples; from the tides, which were never up, or down, at the hour they ought to have been; from the wind, which used to blow my sketches into the canal, and one day blew my gondolier after them; from the rain, which came through the roof of the Scuola di San Rocco; from the sun, which blistered Tintoret's Bacchus and Ariadne every afternoon at the Ducal Palace; and from the Ducal Palace itself, worst of all, which wouldn't be found out, nor tell one how it was built. . . . I have got all the right feeling back now, however; and hope to write a word or two about Venice yet, when I have got the mouldings well out of my head—and the mud. For the fact is, with reverence be it spoken, that whereas Rogers says: 'There is a glorious city in the Sea,' a truthful person must say, 'There is a glorious city in the Mud.' It is startling at first to say so, but it goes well enough with marble, 'Oh Queen of Marble and of Mud.'"

In another letter, dated 1869, Mr. Ruskin writes:—"The more I see of your new fashions the less I like them. I, a second time (lest the first impression should have been too weak), was fated to come from Venice to Verona with an American family,—father and mother and two girls; presumably rich—girls 15 and 18 years old. I never before conceived the misery of wretches who had spent all their lives in trying to gratify themselves. It was a little warm, warmer than was entirely luxurious,—but nothing in the least harmful. They moaned and fidgeted and frowned and puffed and stretched and fanned, and ate lemons, and smelt bottles, and covered their faces, and tore the covers off again, and had no one thought or feeling, during five hours of travelling in the most noble part of the world, except what four poor beasts would have had, in their den in a

menagerie, being dragged about on a hot day. Add to this misery every form of possible vulgarity in doing and saying the common things they said and did. I never yet saw humanity so degraded, *allowing for external circumstances of every possible advantage.* Given wealth, attainable education, and the inheritance of eighteen centuries of Christianity and ten of noble Paganism,—and *this* is your result—by means of 'Liberty.'"

Active operations with regard to the projected photographic atlas of the stars have now begun. The first photograph from the Cape has already reached this country. The plate takes in a square portion of the southern heavens less than four times the apparent diameter of the moon; it would be hidden by a shilling held at arm's length, and contains about 50,000 stars. Three hours' exposure of the plate were necessary for the result. Stellar photography began in 1882, when Dr. Gill, Astronomer Royal at the Cape, obtained a photograph of the comet of that year. The photograph and others suggested by the experiment, though the plates were exposed for a comparatively short time, revealed many stars hitherto invisible to the best telescopes. The Royal Society undertook to provide funds for the maintenance at the Cape of a skilled photographer. In 1882 Mr. C. R. Woods was sent to Egypt to photograph the corona of the sun during the eclipse, and to the Caroline Islands at the eclipse of 1883. He conducted in 1884 some photographic experiments on the Riffel for Dr. Huggins. In January, 1885, he was sent out to assist Dr. Gill, and under his direction has since been engaged in photographing the stars. In 1887 a conference of astronomers held in Paris decided to form, by the help of photography, a map and catalogue of stars down to the 11th magnitude. If the sky was clear, the second photograph was taken at the Cape on the night of March 23, and if successful should be now on its way to England.

Snakes are the subject of a learned paper in the *Quarterly Review*, in which the writer says:—"The half-instinctive dislike, or even horror, which is commonly felt for serpents forms one of many arguments in favour of the belief that man had his origin in one of the warmer regions of the earth, where alone animals of this kind abound. Nevertheless, of the 1,500 different species of snakes which are now known to naturalists, the great majority are not poisonous, and of the four kinds of snakes or snake-like creatures which inhabit our own land only one is venemous. When several snakes are kept in one cage and a live frog is thrown among them, two or more snakes will often seize it simultaneously, and then each snake will begin to swallow it from its own point of attachment. Soon, however, the jaws of the rival snakes come in contact, and then follows a decisive contest. The frog generally remains alive, not only while being eaten, but for a short time after being swallowed. Mr. Bell once saw a very small frog jump out of the mouth of a snake which happened to gape widely (as they often do) after having taken the frog down into its gullet. . . . The ordinary non-poisonous serpents, like our common snake, do not kill their prey before proceeding to eat it; while the poisonous ones, when they kill it, do so by biting. The boas and pythons always kill their prey They have, however, no poison-fangs, but kill by crushing; and the act is performed with amazing rapidity. Afterwards they engulf it in the way already described with respect to the common snake. This mode of killing and feeding could be seen in the Reptile House of our Zoological Gardens till the opposition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals forced the authorities of the Zoological Society to be cruel to their visitors and deny them admission at feeding-time. Many persons supposed that the creatures introduced alive into the dens of these huge monsters suffer tortures of terror and fear. We have often observed the process, and confidently affirm the supposition to be entirely groundless. The rabbits and ducks we saw put in with serpents showed no signs of fear whatever, sometimes even giving the plainest demonstrations that they were governed by quite other emotions. On one occasion we recollect a rabbit running about beside and over the coils of a huge python. When exactly opposite the head the serpent moved it slightly, and projected its tongue several times. The rabbit took no notice of this, and a little afterwards began to try and nibble the skin of the python's body. A serpent of this kind will go for weeks, sometimes even for months, without feeding. Then it may take three rabbits or ducks, one after the other at a single meal, and afterwards become torpid while digestion proceeds. When, after a sufficient period of fasting, it gets disposed to eat and a rabbit happens to be introduced into its cage, it may plainly be seen that the rabbit's presence is quickly noticed by it. The snake will begin to move slowly about till it has brought its snout opposite the rabbit's muzzle. Then, in an instant, it will seize the rabbit's head in its mouth, simultaneously coiling its powerful body round it, and crushing it to death at once. The action is so instantaneous that it is impossible for the rabbit to suffer. Certainly it can suffer no more than when killed by a poulterer. The snake does not immediately uncoil its folds, but continues for a time to hold its victim tightly embraced, sometimes rocking itself gently to and fro. Then it slowly unwinds its huge body, and once more takes the rabbit's head in its mouth, and swallows it in the way before described with regard to the common snake.

"Cobras are selected by the so-called 'Snake Charmers' of both Egypt and India, for their performances. The Egyptian charmers sometimes pretend to change the serpent into a rod, and, according to Geoffroy St. Hilaire, this appearance can be induced by giving a strong squeeze to the animal's neck, which induces a convulsive rigidity from which the animal soon recovers. It need hardly be said that snake charmers always carefully extract the fangs of the snakes they use. The danger of any one touching the unmutilated cobra was sadly illustrated a few years ago by the act of a keeper at the Zoological Gardens. He incautiously took one in his hand, and was immediately bitten. Before any effective aid could be rendered him (if any such aid was ever possible) he was a corpse. But snake-catchers in India manage to seize and handle them with astonishing ease and freedom. Deadly and dangerous as these animals are, they may nevertheless be occasionally handled with impunity by those who know how, and possibly by persons who possess some characteristic which makes them less liable to attack; as we know is the case as regards bees in our own country. Miss Hopley relates a case of a Brahmin boy who could, without any music but his own voice, attract and handle them with impunity, and they would come forth from thickets or walls and go to him. He was regarded by some of his countrymen as divinely inspired; but in spite of that he got bitten at last. The effect of snake-bite depends partly on the condition of the snake and partly on that of the person and the part attacked. No effectual antidote has yet been discovered. Ammonia and permanganate of potassium will not suffice, although a solution of the latter will take away the poisonous property of the snake's venom if it be mixed therewith. Immediate amputation of a bitten toe or finger is the best course, as the delay of a few seconds may be sufficient to carry the poison into the patient's circulation. If from the nature of the part bitten amputation cannot be performed, a very tight ligature applied after cauterisation and sucking the part is the best course, and the administration of stimulants is generally recommended."

Correspondence.

CENSUS OF ECCLESIASTICAL PARISHES.

Sir,—I received, as probably the vicars of other ecclesiastical parishes have done, the census returns for my parish. From the circular accompanying the statement it is clear that the numbers given can by no means be depended upon. In my own case I believe the population to be considerably underrated. I have not yet had time to check the returns by adding up the number of houses in the parish and multiplying the number by five—a calculation which I believe in the main to be trustworthy. I ground this statement on the fact that with a parish whose population is about 1,200 I found that by adding up the actual number of persons in each house (of which I had then precise information), and also multiplying the number of houses by five, I got almost exactly the same results. The object of this letter is to suggest that the census of our ecclesiastical parishes is not sufficiently accurate to form the basis on which calculation should be made when any pecuniary or other such like considerations are involved.

C. W. H. KENRICK, Vicar of Holy Trinity,
Reading.

THE LATE ALFRED STEVENS.

Sir,—May I suggest, since we are criticising somewhat freely the clerical maltreatment of the crowning art work of the late Alfred Stevens, that we should do well to remember that "this greatest of English designers" was never admitted to membership in the Royal Academy, and was, therefore, without that claim to the consideration of the official outsider which, rightly or wrongly, such membership confers, and, this being so, whether the Academy itself should not, by a substantial vote of money which it can well afford, be the first to respond to the public-spirited appeal of its President, and so do something towards the expiation of a wrong in the incidence of which it has had a certain share.

F. SEYMOUR HADEN.
Woodcote Manor, Alresford, Hants. April 13.

SHALL WE EAT NETTLES?

Sir,—Spending last Sunday at the convalescent branch of St. John's Hospital for the Skin (Temple Fortune, Finchley), I found that the early spring weather had brought up in profusion one of the earliest and most valuable of spring vegetables—I mean the common stinging-nettle (*Urtica dioica*). Endowed with that inestimable quality of willingness to learn, the Sister in charge promised to have a specimen dish prepared; and in a happy state of curious delight the little ones helped to gather a good basketful. After being thoroughly washed they were put in boiling water and boiled for about twenty minutes; anxiety prevailing meanwhile in the children's ward as to whether they would sting their mouths or not when had for dinner. Served like spinach with a fried egg and butter, pepper and salt, they were pronounced excellent, and there was not one who did not like them.

If people only knew how valuable this vegetable is in the spring, we should have less ignorance and prejudice to overcome in trying to get it adopted as an article of diet for the people. As a diuretic and antiscorbutic it stands very high and is far beyond all the famous patent "blood purifiers," by means of which such fabulous fortunes are obtained from a gullible and suffering public.

Nature provides her foods and medicines in due season fresh from her laboratory, and in this respect vegetarians have the advantage in always keeping in touch with Nature's seasons.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.A., B.C.L. (Oxon.).
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

SOCIETY.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. F. F. Ramsden, only son of the Rev. F. J. Ramsden, of Conisbro Priory, Rotherham, and Selina Lucinda, second surviving daughter of the late Captain Edmund Mackinnon, 2nd Life Guards.

Also between Berkley Arthur Bloxsome, late East Surrey Regiment, and Helen Harriet Stephens, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. R. N. Lyne, M.A., late rector of St. John's, Exeter.

Also between Charles John, second son of the late Sir William Henry Clerke, of Mertyn Hall, Flintshire, and Agusta Laura, daughter of the Rev. H. A. Daniel, of The Manor House, Stockland, Somersetshire.

Also between Captain N. W. Barnardiston, Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment (77th), and A.D.C. to Lieutenant-General E. Newdegate, Governor of Bermuda, eldest son of Colonel and Lady Florence Barnardiston, of The Ryes, Sudbury, Suffolk, and Miss S. H. Floyd Jones, youngest daughter of the late Mr. D. R. Floyd Jones, of Fort Neck House, Long Island, U.S.A., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York.

Also between Mr. C. H. Fenwick, King's Royal Rifles, and Lilian, eldest daughter of Mr. Sidney Everett, of Boston, U.S.A.

Also between Mr. H. Austin Lee, Secretary of the British Embassy in Paris, and Miss De Wolfe Taylor.

The marriage arranged between John Nordenson, Dr. Phil., of Stockholm, and Miss Wilhelmina Guy Whately will take place early in July.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Sidney Arthur Wolton, youngest son of Mr. Arthur Wolton, and Miss Jessie Bousfield Steains, fifth daughter of Mr. James Steains (late of Kingston Hill), will take place at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, on June 9, at half-past two o'clock.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Walter Clutterbuck and Miss Violet Smith, daughter of Mr. Francis Smith, of Wingfield Park, Derbyshire, is fixed to take place on the 30th inst., at Biarritz.

The marriage of Miss Charlesworth and Captain Cecil Martindale has been arranged to take place on June 1, at St. George's Church, Bickley.

The marriage arranged between Evelyn Mary Georgina, only child of the late Major C. H. Malan, 75th Regiment, and the Rev. R. Murray Webb-Peploe, second son of the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow-square, will take place on Saturday, the 30th inst., at half-past two o'clock at St. Paul's, Onslow-square.

The marriage of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton to Miss Edith Balfour was celebrated at the British Vice-Consulate at San Remo on Monday. This is the first occasion on which a wedding has taken place at the Vice-Consulate.

The marriage arranged between Captain W. M. Thackeray Synge, Royal Artillery, youngest son of the late Mr. W. W. Follett Synge, and Ethel, eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of Peterborough House, Harrow, will take place early in May.

On Tuesday afternoon, in the parish church of St. George, Major-General Edward Wynne (late Grenadier Guards), of Coed Coch, Denbighshire, was married to Miss Gwendolyn Hughes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Lady Florentia Hughes, of Kinmel. The Hon. Walter Boyle was the best man, and the bride was followed by seven bridesmaids. The rite was performed by the Rev. D. W. Evans, rector of St. George's, among those present at the ceremony were Lady Elizabeth Williamson and Miss Williamson, Lady Augusta Mostyn, the Hon. Roger Mostyn, Sir William and Lady Williams, Sir Pyres and Lady Mostyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hughes. Major-General and Mrs. Wynne left Kinmel during the afternoon for Paris.

Colonel Mallins, R.A., commanding the Limerick District, was married on Wednesday, at Limerick, to Miss Hamilton, eldest daughter of the Dean of Limerick. The Bishop of Limerick officiated, assisted by the dean, the ceremony taking place at St. Michael's Parish Church in the presence of a large assembly.

At All Saints' Church, Langton, with choral service, the marriage took place, on Wednesday, of Mr. Frederick K. Williams, Master of the Eridge Foxhounds, of Shirley Hall, Langton, and Miss Alice Herbert, third daughter of General C. Herbert, of Thorncliffe, Langton.

The wedding took place on Wednesday, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Mr. Frederic Hartmann, son of Mr. James Hartmann, of Muneta, Alsace, and Berkeley-square, and Miss Constance Lister, third daughter of Sir Villiers Lister, K.C.M.G., Assistant Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Sir Villiers Lister gave his daughter away. Mr. James Baillie, of Dochfour, was best man. The bride wore a gown of white satin, trimmed with pearls, and Brussels lace veil, but no jewels.

At Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, on Wednesday, the marriage of two sisters and two cousins took place—Miss Lizzie Gilbey and Miss May Gilbey, daughters of the late Mr. Alfred Gilbey, of Woburn, Bucks, being married to Mr. Walter Gold and Mr. Charles Gold, jun., sons of Mr. Charles Gold, of Stanstead, Essex. The brides' brother (Mr. Alfred Gilbey) gave them away; the best men were Mr. Archibald Gold and Mr. Philip Gold, brothers of the bridegrooms. The brides were dressed alike. Each bride had four bridesmaids, who were also dressed alike.

The marriage of Lord Stormonth Darling, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, and Miss Ethel Hay, younger daughter of Major William Baird Young, Royal Artillery, of Escreavie, Forfarshire, took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, on April 5. A large gathering of the friends of both bride and bridegroom were present at the ceremony, and the general public filled the nave of the cathedral. Amongst the guests were the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Adam, Lord Low, and many members of the Bar with their wives. The bride, who was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Keith Young, arrived a little after three o'clock, and followed by her bridesmaids, four in number, walked up the nave to the strains of the "Bridal March" from *Lohengrin*. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. M. Black, Christ Church, assisted by the Rev. Canon Jackson. The bride wore a beautiful dress of white satin, draped with old Limerick lace. The bridesmaids were attired in white serge costumes with braided Zouave jackets, blouses and sashes of daffodil silk. They wore three-cornered felt hats, trimmed with yellow pompons, and carried large bouquets of daffodils.

The marriage of Mr. Edmund Herbert Hills, Lieutenant Royal Engineers, eldest son of Judge Hills, of the Court of Appeal of Alexandria, and Corby Castle, Cumberland, with Juliet, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Spencer Bell, M.P., of Fawe Park, Cumberland, and Devonshire-place, was solemnised in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, recently. The bride was attired in a petticoat of white satin, made in the Empire style, with white satin sash tied in a large graceful bow on one side; the Court train from one shoulder was trimmed with handsome old lace and flowers, and her ornaments were diamonds; she carried a bouquet of white flowers, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid's costume was of cream silk Indian muslin, over pale blue silk, and with broad blue sash, and hat *en suite*. The bridegroom presented her with a pearl brooch and a bouquet of flowers. Master Stephen Trevor acted as train-bearer, wearing blue cloth knee-breeches, cream Bengaline waistcoat, with cut-steel buttons, and silk muslin-frilled cravat, the bridegroom's gift to him being a silver watch and chain. Canon Richmond, of Carlisle Cathedral, performed the marriage rite, assisted by the Rev. D. Anderson, Rector of St. George's. A reception was afterwards held by Miss Spencer Bell, sister of the bride, and later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Edmond H. Hills left for the Italian lakes, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's going-away dress was of pale grey cloth and velvet, made *en Princesse*; cloak to match, trimmed with old lace and silver passementerie, and hat of grey chip, trimmed with feathers.

The marriage of Mr. George Hunter, son of the late Captain Hunter, R.N., with Miss Helen Roberta Traill, fourth daughter of the late Gilbert Francis Traill, Esq., Folkestone, J.P. for the county of Orkney and Shetland, was solemnised recently at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. The bride was attired in a travelling gown of a lovely shade of electric-grey cloth, trimmed with Bengaline, and silk ruche of a darker shade, and wore a black hat completely covered with jetted net and lily of the valley, with velvet to match. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Etta Traill, as the only bridesmaid, who wore a bronze-green gown of Surah, with sash of the same colour, and hat trimmed with bows of ribbon to match and an exquisite shade of pink roses. Immediately after the ceremony the newly-wedded couple left for Weymouth, *en route* for the Channel Islands. By special desire of the bride, the service was a very quiet one, and no reception was held, but some of the immediate relatives and intimate friends of both bride and bridegroom had assembled to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Devereux Chute, rector of Sherborne St. John's, North Hants, and brother-in-law of the bridegroom.

The marriage of Mr. Cecil Harcourt Smith, of the British Museum (Greek and Roman Antiquities Department), with Miss Alice Edith Watson, daughter of the late Mr. Watson, of Burnopfield, Durham, took place in St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester-road, on Saturday week. The bride was accompanied to the church by her mother, who gave her away. She wore an Empire dress of the richest white satin duchesse, with square train of brocade; a coronet of orange blossoms, and tulle veil. Her ornaments included a pearl necklace and diamond pendant, and she carried a large bouquet of white exotics. There were three youthful bridesmaids and a page. The former were prettily dressed in white Surah and Indian silk, lace straw hats ornamented with ostrich feathers. The page, Master Charles Mitchell, wore black knee breeches and silk stockings, with smock of Surah silk embroidered in gold, and cap to correspond. The Rev. Joseph Peter Waldo, M.A., vicar of St. Stephen's, officiated. After the ceremony Mrs. Watson entertained a large circle of relations and friends at her residence in Queen's-gate, and later in the afternoon the newly-married pair started on a long honeymoon tour.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Stewart Savile, son of the Rev. F. Stewart Savile and Mrs. Savile, of Kilmorrie, Torquay, with Katherine Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden, of Pitcaple Castle, Aberdeenshire, was celebrated on the 7th inst., at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington. The bride arrived at the church at half-past two o'clock, wearing a dress of rich white duchesse satin, with an Empire Court train falling gracefully from the shoulders; long tulle veil, fastened by diamond stars, and carrying a bouquet of white lilac and gardenias. Her train was held by Master Parrington, wearing a Watteau costume in pink satin, with old lace, the bridegroom's present to him being a gold hound pin. Six bridesmaids followed. The four elder ladies were attired in pink China barege, arranged over pink silk, large Empire bows and sashes in wide satin ribbon, and cream guipure lace trimmed the bodices. The two little children wore loose dresses and pink sashes in the same materials, and all had large straw hats tastefully trimmed with ribbon and flowers. The bridegroom presented each with a gold horn brooch, with pearl crescent in the centre, and a bouquet of Gloire de Dijon roses. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of Worcester, assisted by the Rev. F. Stewart-Savile, father of the bridegroom, and the Rev. Eardley Wilmot, vicar of St. Jude's. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Richardson as best man, the bride being given away by her father, Colonel Lumsden. The bridal party were afterwards welcomed by Mrs. Lumsden, at 12, Southwell-gardens, where a reception was held, and later in the day the newly-wedded pair left for Devonshire. The bride went away in a costume of fawn faced cloth, trimmed with royal blue faille Française in the Empire style, coat to match, with ruches of black lace, and the back falling loose from the shoulders, and hat to correspond.

The annual ball of the members of the Craven Hunt, which was postponed in January owing to the death of the Duke of Clarence, came off with great success in the Townhall, Newbury, on Tuesday night. The company numbered nearly 250, and included Major Gerald Ricardo (the master) and Mrs. Ricardo, Colonel Sir Frederick and Lady Carden, Howard Vincent M.P., and Mrs. Vincent: Mr. Mount, M.P., and Mrs. Mount, Mr. Wroughton, M.P., and Mrs. Wroughton, Sir Francis and Lady Scott, and Colonel and Lady Houblon.

Professor and Mrs. Blackie celebrated their golden wedding on Tuesday at their residence in Edinburgh. Congratulations and presents were received from friends in many parts of the country. Several deputations waited on the Professor and Mrs. Blackie in the course of the day. One of the deputations intimated that Professor Blackie was to be presented with his portrait, to be painted by Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. An address was presented by a deputation from the Hellenic Club, headed by the Rev. Dr. Walter Smith, who recited a poem in Greek in honour of the occasion. The Hellenic Club presented a silver bowl filled with flowers, together with a pair of silver fruit dishes.

At the parish church, Westbourne, Sussex, Lieutenant H. H. Stileman, R.N., son of Major-General Stileman, of Brighton, was married on the 31st ult. to Emma Frances, second daughter of Major-General Oldfield, R.A. The ceremony took place at 2.30, shortly before which time the bridegroom entered the church, attended by Mr. A. Mercer as best man, and Captain Oldfield, R.E., Lieutenant H. Oldfield, R.M.A., and Lieutenant A. R. Oldfield, R.A., as groomsmen, the bridegroom and groomsmen being in full uniform. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of cream Bengaline silk, trimmed with Maltese lace, wreath and veil, and was attended by six bridesmaids. They wore dresses of cream serge trimmed with gold, hats to match. The bride carried a bouquet of Maréchal Niel roses and lilies of the valley, and the bridesmaids bouquets of jonquils and maidenhair ferns. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Carr, assisted by the Rev. F. H. Arnold, LL.B., rector of Racton, and the Rev. L. B. Birkett, M.A., rector of Westbourne. After the ceremony Major-General and Mrs. Richard Oldfield held a reception at their residence, Norman House. The guests included Major-general and Mrs. Stileman, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stileman and Master F. Stileman, Mr. and Mrs. Stileman Gibbard, Miss Horan, Miss Hodge, Captain M. H. Oldfield and Miss Oldfield, Miss Newland, Miss Cole, Captain Pearson (H.M.S. Excellent) and Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. and Miss Napier (The Stakes, Waterlooville), Captain Arbuthnot, R.N., and Mrs. Arbuthnot, Lieutenant-Colonel Rainsford Hannay and Mrs. Hannay, &c. At four o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Stileman left for Chichester, *en route* for London. The bride's travelling-dress was of myrtle-green

cloth, trimmed with gold Egyptian embroidery and bonnet to match.

The marriage of Mr. Richard White, of Cloncalla, co. Longford, third son of Mr. Edward White, of Fort Etna, co. Limerick, with Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Gray Ady, President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, J.P., of 7, Merrion-square, Dublin, and Kilmacud House, Stillorgan, was celebrated at St. Matthias Church, Dublin, on the 7th inst. The bride, who was attended by six bridesmaids, arrived at the church shortly before two o'clock, accompanied by her father, who gave her away. She wore a trained gown of white duchesse satin, draped with handsome lace. The bridesmaids wore cream-white woollen costumes, bordered with fur; large white hats, trimmed with yellow, and carried daffodil bouquets. The marriage service was performed by the Rev. Canon Wynne, assisted by the Rev. W. M. Gibbon, A.M. After the ceremony a reception was held at 7, Merrion-square, at which a large number of guests were present.

Mrs McEwan gave a reception on the 6th inst., at the beautiful house in Chesterfield-gardens which she has rented from Lord Cleveden. The band of the Royal Artillery played in the hall, but upstairs its strains, owing to the buzz of conversation, were barely distinguishable. There were numbers of political persons present, including the new member for Perth and Sir John Swinburne. Lady Romney was present in black, also Sir Charles and Lady Jessel; Lady Helen Stewart, accompanied by Miss de Stern, who wore red; Mrs. Hoare, in white satin, trimmed with old lace; Lady Robert Montague with her daughter dressed in pale blue; Lady Theresa and Miss Boyle; Sir Kenneth Matheson; Mr. Gillett, who came on from a dinner party; Lord and Lady Henry FitzGerald, the latter looking very picturesque; the Hon. Kenneth Howard; Sir Duncan Campbell; Mrs. Channing and her daughter in a pink gown with Swiss band of moss-green velvet; and Mrs. and Miss Sparke. Supper was served in the dining-room on the ground floor, in which there is a charming portrait, by Mr. Hermann Schmiechen, of the hostess's daughter, who was married last season to the Hon. Ronald Greville.

CHIT CHAT.

The Queen will have stayed a few days longer upon the Continent than was anticipated, and will return to England on the 3rd of next month. Her Majesty is expected to leave Darmstadt on May 2nd, and proceed by special train to Flushing, whence she crosses the North Sea in the *Victoria and Albert* to Port Victoria, which will be made on the following day.

The Queen leaves Hyères at half-past ten on Monday morning next, and arrives at Darmstadt next morning shortly before ten.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess May, arrived at Grasse on Tuesday morning from Cannes. The Royal party alighted at the Villa Victoria, where suitable preparations had been made for their reception. In the afternoon visits were paid to various manufactories in the town, including those for the production of artificial flowers, perfumes, and crystallised fruits. At six o'clock the Royal visitors drove back to Cannes, seeming delighted with their visit.

The Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud left Cap Martin for Cannes on Wednesday afternoon driving to that place in their own carriage. Prior to their departure their Royal Highnesses were presented with beautiful bouquets by the British residents and the visitors at the Hôtel Cap Martin.

The Prince of Wales, with Prince George, the Princess of Wales, and the young Princesses will go to Hyères to-day. Their Royal Highnesses will leave Cannes early in the morning so as to arrive at Hôtel Costebelle in time to lunch with the Queen. They will be lodged on Saturday night at Hôtel Albion, attend Divine service with Her Majesty on Sunday morning, and return to Cannes in the evening.

No suitable occasion has been allowed to pass at Hyères without some graceful allusion to Queen Victoria. Thus at the banquet given by the Horticultural and Agricultural Society the proceedings were opened by the band playing a few strains of "God save the Queen." The guests remained standing and gave loud cheers for Her Majesty. The first toast was that of "The Queen" proposed by the President of the Society. M. Bodinier, who represented the Municipality, spoke warmly of Her Majesty's goodness and affability, and in conclusion said, "You may be justly proud of the beautiful flowers which you cultivate, and which have proved to the Queen, who admires them daily, that Hyères is a veritable garden of flowers."

The Marquis Thezan, the Pope's secretary paid a visit to the Queen on Tuesday.

The *Lancet* says:—"The Prince of Wales has suffered much from the calamity which recently befell the nation, and this has led to depression and to some weakness. Cessation from the very active life which he is accustomed to live has also naturally exercised an unfavourable effect on the Prince's general health. Since, however, he has been going about from place to place in the south of France with Prince George, he has improved in general health and spirits. In fact the most recent information concerning the Heir Apparent is altogether reassuring, and he is said to be in better health now than he has been at any period since the death of the Duke of Clarence. The Princess of Wales, who has suffered very much from shock and grief, has in some degree recovered her spirits."

We never hear of anything about the Chicago Exhibition unless in connection with "dollars." The estimated expenses of the Chicago Exhibition are, it is said, to a very uncomfortable extent. Twelve months ago the managers of the forthcoming World's Fair were of opinion that 15,000,000dols. would enable them to meet their engagements. Last fall the estimate had increased to 18,000,000dols., and now it is officially announced by President Baker that nothing short of 22,250,000dols. will suffice to fill the bill. If this rate of increase is to be maintained until the opening of the Exhibition, the demand upon the public purse will be quite double that which was originally expected.

The mode in which Mrs. Montagu's children have really been disposed of is one far more calculated to meet with general approval than that previously reported. The two eldest have been sent to Hodder (Stonyhurst), two are with an aunt in Scotland, while three have been placed in a convent at Bognor. The governess, thus relieved of her charge, has left the country.

Electric discharges are said to be a cure for fogs. Mr. M. E. Johnson, of Pittsburg, has made experiments at Sandy Hook and Boston harbour in dense sea-fogs, and, according to the report, a single powerful discharge cleared 70,500 square feet, nearly two acres, the thick aqueous vapour being turned into rain. From this Mr. Johnson anticipates that every sea-going mail steamer will carry its own fog-annihilator. The idea is not quite new, though on this scale the experiment is novel. Professor Oliver Lodge some time ago suggested the use of electric discharges to mitigate or get rid of London's scourge.

The first company of Jews went to the United States from Brazil in 1654. The first synagogue was established in New York. It was called the Shearith Israel (Remnant of Israel), and the society is still in active existence. A petition to the authorities of New Amsterdam in 1685 for the privilege of exercising the rites of the Jewish religion was denied. "No public worship," so ran the reply, "is tolerated by Act of Assembly but to those that profess faith in Christ." Later some of the Jews in New York removed to Newport, Rhode Island, securing a synagogue in 1763. Jewish congregations were organised in Savannah, Georgia, in 1733; in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1776; in Philadelphia, in 1780 and 1782; and in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1791. Of these congregations those in the South and one of those in Philadelphia used the ritual of the Portuguese Jews, the others that of the German Jews.

The Jews of America have no religious head. Each congregation is autonomous. There were, in 1654, ninety-seven regularly organised congregations, of which thirty were in the State of New York. In 1880 there were 270 congregations, with 12,546 members, or about 50,000 "communicants." There are now 533 congregations of Orthodox and Reformed Jews, with 130,496 "communicants." In Jewish congregations the heads of families only are counted. The number given as "communicants," therefore, does not indicate the number of members of a synagogue.

Mr. Foote has recently recorded the discovery of diamonds in a mass of meteoric iron found near Cañon Diabolo in Arizona. They were both black and white.

Last year there were two, and this year there are five, rooks' nests in Connaught-square, which is within 100yds. of Marble-arch, and through which a quantity of traffic passes to Paddington Station.

The Guadaloupe bees lay their honey in bladders of wax about as large as a pigeon's egg, and not in combs. The bees have no stings, are small, and of a black colour. The honey is of an oily consistency, and never hardens.

Some people in New South Wales wrathfully comment on the fact that of the 3,659 "officially recognised lunatics" in New South Wales no fewer than 2,014 are "imported" from Great Britain, while only 1,121 were born in the province. Are we to understand that there is substantial ground for regarding emigration to New South Wales as an act of imbecility?

Heligoland is to be made an harbour of refuge for fishing vessels, and is being fortified heavily. The island is to be a scientific station, the German Government having erected laboratories there for the study of marine zoology.

A Paris correspondent says of the May Day Demonstration in France that it will be in numbers very imposing. Even last year delegates were sent to the authorities in more than 100 large towns. At Marseilles 50,000 men were abroad; at Lyons 40,000; at Roubaix 33,000: at Lille 20,000; at St. Quentin, at Bordeaux, and at Calais 15,000; at Rheims, Troyes, and St. Etienne 10,000; at Montluçon, Toulon, and elsewhere 6,000. This year the Socialist party thinks to put in line nearly 2,000,000.

The football match between an English team belonging to the Rosslyn Park Football Club and a French team belonging to the Stade Français took place some days ago on the grounds of the Coursing Club. General Fevrier, Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, presided, and Lord and Lady Dufferin, with the Ladies Blackwood, accompanied by Mr. Austin Lee and Mr. Condie Stephen, witnessed the victory of their countrymen by three goals and a try to nothing. The French took their defeat very cheerfully. The first part of the match was played in a snowstorm.

The counties in Ireland which have the smallest proportion of police to population are, according to the latest returns:—

Londonderry	... 12	in every 10,000 of the population.
Down ...	... 12	" " "
Antrim	... 12	" " "
Tyrone...	... 14	" " "
Armagh	... 14	" " "

These are the only counties in Ireland which Unionist members are returned. In the following counties the proportion of police is the largest:—

Tipperary	... 49	in every 10,000 of the population.
Limerick	... 45	" " "
Westmeath	... 44	" " "
Clare ...	... 40	" " "

The following figures from *Thom's Directory* show the aggregate amounts of deposits and cash balances in the Bank of Ireland and Joint Stock Banks during six years of two administrations:—

Under Gladstonian Government.		Under Unionist Government.	
1880	£29,350,000	1886	£29,223,000
1881	28,289,000	1887	29,339,000
1882	30,667,000	1888	30,310,000
1883	31,725,000	1889	31,205,000
1884	30,072,000	1890	33,061,000
1885	29,240,000	1891	33,700,000
Total	£179,343,000	Total	£186,838,000

Average per year under Gladstonian Government, £29,890,000.

Average per year under Unionist Government, £31,139,666.

"A Berlin correspondent says that the danger to the Church and State from Atheists and Socialists is not a bogey, but a stern reality. Take, for instance, the much-debated School Question. In the course of the recent sensational libel action against the Berlin Rector Ahlwardt, it transpired that the chief of the Berlin Municipal School Board, Dr. Hermes, was an avowed Atheist, and that he would only appoint teachers who were of the same way of thinking. It appears that the first question he invariably put to a candidate was, 'I trust you do not believe in that nursery-tale of Christ?' This he admitted in open court. Another sensation was produced at that trial when it came to be known that, of the twenty-four members of the School Board, thirteen were Jews and the rest Freethinkers. Never, perhaps, in the history of Germany has the question of religion entered more forcibly into politics and caused greater dissension and faction warfare than at the present moment."

During some excavations in Endsleigh-street the workmen came upon remains of a mammoth and other prehistoric animals at a depth of about 22ft. A portion of one tusk measured at its thickest part nearly 2ft. in circumference. The length of the complete tusks would probably be at least 9ft. or 10ft. Dr. Hicks, hon. secretary to the Geological Society, writes to the *Times*:—"It is evident that the animals must have died at the spot where the remains have now been found, and the dark loamy soil in which they were embedded has yielded on examination many seeds of contemporary plants. Mr. Clement Reid, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey, to whom samples of the loam were submitted, has been able to determine the presence in it of about twenty species. These show that the land here at the time was of a marshy nature. Deposits usually classed with the high level gravel and brick earth of the Thames Valley were found overlying the animal remains; hence the geological age during which the animals lived, in my opinion, must be included in what is known as the glacial period."

The Vicar of Portsea, in connection with the erection of his new parish church, says that the sums contributed from time to time by the late Mr. W. H. Smith began with a donation of £500 on laying the first stone, and ended with a total of £28,123. Even that amount, however, does not represent the whole sum which the parish owes to Mr. Smith. The right hon. gentleman had in earlier years presented the vicar with £100 for mission buildings, and later he had at a cost of £770 purchased land adjoining the church to prevent it from being built upon, and he had also offered a reasonable amount to buy up certain houses and to throw the ground into the churchyard. Canon Jocob remarks:—"It will be seen that a sum of nearly £29,000 has been given to the parish by Mr. W. H. Smith since 1879."

Captain F. L. Lugard, who, according to a Zanzibar telegram, has been nominated successor to King Mwanga of Uganda, was the leader of the British East Africa Company's expedition to Uganda for the purpose of establishing British influence in the region round the great lakes allotted to England in the last Anglo-German Agreement. He is said to be possessed of great tact, fair-mindedness, fearlessness, and admirable soldierly qualities.

A Vienna correspondent draws attention to some publications just issued there, showing at a glance the relative military strength and positions of England and Russia face to face in Asia. How many of the Russian troops in Asia could be spared towards India, or Persia, or Turkey is, of course, a problem. In the Caucasus alone in time of war the Russian Staff can dispose of 210 battalions of infantry, 261 squadrons of cavalry, thirty-six batteries with 276 guns, three battalions and twelve companies of engineers, or 275,190 men. If to these we add the Transcaspian and Turkestan force, we have a total of 334,350. No doubt all of these could not be moved from where the mobilisation would take place, owing to fear of a local rising, want of transport, inability to feed them with provisions and ammunition, and so on. But the same thing may be said of the English in India. Nominally you have 233,300 troops of all sorts in that Empire, but not more than half of them could be put on the frontier.

At Passover-time even those Gentile shopkeepers who supply Jews have to confirm to Jewish ritual for fear of losing their customers. A Gentile woman went, a day or two ago for some bread to the shop of an English baker in the Jewish quarter, but found the shop contained nothing but unleavened passover cake, and the common domestic loaf was conspicuous by its absence. "They are all in the parlour," said the baker's wife, "but you must go right round by the passage and in at the back way, and fetch it yourself. I daren't give it to you here."

According to *Woman*, the German Emperor still gets his *Punch*. It is posted from London every week in an official-looking envelope, which is opened by the Kaiser's own hands. When read, the same hands consign it "to the store (? stove) in his library."

On "Primrose Day" the Queen, as usual, sent two lovely wreaths of primroses to Hughenden Churchyard.

A writer in the *Gentlewoman* says:—All the dresses and robes the Queen has ever worn are kept stored and laid by; none are either sold or given away. Not only are those used for her coronation, her bridal, and for affairs of State put carefully into the large cabinets at Windsor Castle, but the homely gowns for every-day use, all are preserved, even after their wearer has well-nigh forgotten their existence.

On Holy Thursday in Vienna, the Emperor, in accordance with ancient custom, performed the ceremony of washing the feet of twelve aged poor men in the Hall of Ceremonies at the Hofburg. The old men sat on a platform at a long table, and as a priest poured water over their bare feet in turn the Emperor, kneeling, dried them with a towel. During the ceremony a choir chanted sacred passages, and at its close the Emperor hung round the neck of each old man a silk purse containing thirty pieces of silver. A meal was then served, and the aged visitors, who were dressed as mediæval pilgrims, were driven to their homes amid the cheers of the crowd. This is superior to our time-honoured and picturesque custom of distributing the Royal Maundy, which is a mere fragmentary survivla. In ancient times the kings and queens of England washed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old. Queen Elizabeth performed the ceremony on one occasion at Greenwich. King James the Second was apparently the last of the English monarchs who discharged this act of pious humiliation. It was hardly likely to be kept up by the crew of usurpers—Dutch William and the Georges.

Memorial Windows.—Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich, and 149, New Bond-street, London, solicit a visit to their showrooms, where they have always on view stained-glass windows and other objects of ecclesiastical art, executed for almost any part of the kingdom. Messrs. Mayer and Co., will have great pleasure in submitting designs and estimates for any window in contemplation free of all charge.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting on Thursday last at the Society's House, 7, Dean's-yard, Westminster Abbey, S.W., the Archdeacon of Essex in the chair. There were also present the Revs. Canon Erskine Clarke, Canon Coulson, and Canon C. F. Norman; Lord Robartes, Messrs. John Boodle, J. Hilton, F. H. Rooke, and the Rev. R. Milburn Blakiston, secretary. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects, viz.:—Building new churches at Causeway Lake, St. Barnabas, Wolverhampton, £100; Fulham, St. Matthew, Middlesex, £100; Milford, St. Mark, Salisbury, £150; Wanstead Slip, St. Columba, Essex, £250; and Wesham, Christ Church, Kirkham Lane, £75; Rebuilding the churches at Chacewater, St. Paul, near Scorrier, Cornwall, £70; and Woodhall Spa, St. Andrew, Lincoln, £50; and towards enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Hereford, All Saints', £25; and Wolverhampton, All Saints', £60. Grants were also made from the Mission Buildings Fund towards building mission churches at Bromley, St. Luke, Kent, £25; Portloe, in the parish of St. Veryan, near Grampound-road, Cornwall, £35; and Portsea, St. Boniface, Hants, £50. The following grants were also paid for works completed:—Great Chesterfield, All Saints', Essex, £40; Willesden, St. Andrew, Middlesex, £35, balance of a grant of £215; Great Burstead, St. Mary Magdalene, near Billericay, Essex, £10, balance of a grant of £25; and Hamsterley, near Bishop Auckland, £20. The Annual General Court of this Society will be held at the Church House on Thursday, May 19, at two p.m.

Pearls are very perishable, says *Woman*. They cannot be considered a first-rate investment like diamonds. After a time they decay. Sometimes a fine specimen will lose its lustre and beauty within a few months, so that the possessor of such treasures does well to keep them put away in a sealed place. They are very delicately made, consisting of thin films overlaid one upon another, with more or less animal matter between the layers, and it is no wonder that they deteriorate. After being buried in the ground for a while they are found worthless. Those which are dug out of Indian graves — some of them of great size and doubtless of wonderful beauty when they were new —are utterly valueless, even when they are not pierced. Nevertheless, there is a pure and evanescent beauty about them which seems better to become the maiden than any other sort of jewel. Nothing varies so much in value as pearls. With them fashion affects the market constantly. Sometimes white ones are sought, while other tints at intervals are in demand. For some years past black pearls have been the rage. A fine specimen worth £120 will fetch £200 perhaps, if another can be got to match it perfectly.

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"OH, DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T COME NEAR ME!"

These words were uttered with a howl—almost a yell. Yet the boy to whom they were addressed wasn't within ten feet of the howler, and wouldn't have come closer for his life. The scene was a big business office in New York, and the howler was the chief man in it. He owned the concern, and was very rich, and was a decent fellow enough. But sometimes he would break out like that, and howl as though he had just discovered a fire in a powder mill. You could hear him from the basement to the roof. What was the matter with him? Temporary insanity? Not quite, but something nearly as bad. He had an acute attack of gout in his toe, and at those solemn crises he couldn't bear the sight of even a shadow moving in his direction. Ask somebody who has the gout how it feels. Fancy a blacksmith twisting your toe with hot pinchers while a shoemaker is thrusting a bradawl through your knee-joint. That's a little like it.

Well, there are things not so bad as gout, yet they make us touchy enough. Here comes a man, for instance, who says, "*Everything now was a trouble to me.*" What should he talk that way for? Why should everything have been a trouble to him? There is an old saying that while we can't keep the crows from flying, we needn't let them make nests in our hair. That's good sense. But it's easy to give advice and to quote proverbs. How does a person act who suffers from boils?

Now, the fountain of all feeling and pain is the nerves. An hour or two of toothache is a lesson on the nervous system. But there are diseases (or one disease anyhow) in which all the nerves in the body seem to tingle to every sight and sound. The mind is on the look-out for evil—the man is depressed and afraid. Every word means mischief, and every bush hides an enemy. So he thinks. He knows what Solomon meant when he said, "The grasshopper is a burden."

Mr. Michael McCormack is a railway messenger, and lives in Mullingar, County Westmeath, Ireland. In June, 1890, he was taken ill. His mouth tasted foul and *coppery*, his stomach was sour and dead, and when he forced down a little food he felt so much distress and pain after it that he was sorry he hadn't let it alone and gone hungry. Besides this there were pains wandering through his chest, back, and sides, hurting him, biting here and there like ugly dogs loose in a town. His head swam with dizziness and he couldn't go to his work. All his ambition and energy were gone out of him, and he would scarcely have exerted himself even if he had been suddenly promoted from the position of messenger to that of station-master of the biggest station on the railway.

"After a while," he goes on to say, "a dull heavy pain struck me in the back, so I couldn't stoop over. What I suffered from this and the other things put together I have no words to describe. I had six months of it, and it was like six years. In such a case a man takes medicines; all he is told about. This I did, without getting any good from them, and I got weaker and weaker. Everything was a trouble to me; I couldn't bear things I used to think nothing of.

"In December, 1890, just before Christmas it was, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup and what it had done in cases like mine. I got a bottle from Mr. Rogers' Drug Stores, and before I had used all of it I felt wonderfully better; and by keeping on with it a short time every pain and ache went out of me, and I was able to go about my work as well as ever I was in my life." These facts are vouched for by H. Rogers, Esq., Town Commissioner, Mullingar.

Now, what made messenger McCormack's nerves so sensitive, and his life so miserable for six months? Indigestion and dyspepsia; the same detestable malady that does the same ill turn for millions of others, men and women, of all sorts and conditions. Plenty of them will read this true and simple story, and our opinion is—founded on the best proofs—that if they try the remedy which cured McCormack they will come out of it as happily as he did. But the sooner the better.

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MAPLE and CO. enjoy a world-wide celebrity for comfortable and substantially-made dining-room chairs, as well as for luxuriantly soft and really easy chairs, club chairs, lounges, and settees of their own manufacture. Customers when in Tottenham-court-road can pass from the showrooms to the factory and see the various processes of upholstering.

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MAPLE and CO.'S Rush-seated Furniture is of superior character, and largely sold for dining-room, morning-room, or smoking-room use. A large assortment of chairs, corner and elbow chairs, and settees, some of Jacobean design with very handsome carvings, will always be found on show.

DINING-ROOM

FURNITURE

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MAPLE and CO. recommend the Amesbury Suite as an excellent set at a moderate price. This comprises six chairs, two easy chairs, and handsome couch with spindle rail, and is well upholstered in strong leather. There is also a handsomely carved sideboard, with unique arrangement of drawers and cupboards, recess, and cellaret, and extending dining table in oak, walnut, or mahogany, for £20 12s. 6d.

MAPLE and CO.—The LULWORTH SUITE is of superior character throughout, and consists of six chairs with carved frames, upholstered in morocco, two very comfortable easy chairs, a handsome and well-made sideboard of Early English design, with recess below, and well-executed carved panel, also bevelled plates and cellaret, also a massive extending dining table, in oak or walnut, £32 15s. 6d.

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